THE Unhappy Favourite: OR THE Earl of ESSEX. A TRAGEDY.

collated & perfect. J. J. 1900

Acted at the

Theatre Royal

By their Majesty's Servants.

Written by *John Banks*.

——qui nimios optabat Honores,
Et nimias poscebat Opes, numerosa parabat
Excelsæ turris tabulata, unde altior esset
Casus & impulsæ præceps immane Ruinæ. Juven. Sat. 10.

LONDON,
Printed for *Richard Bentley* and *Mary Magnes* in *Russel-street* near the *Piazza* in *Covent-Garden*, 1685.

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To the Moſt High, and Moſt Illuſtrious

PRINCESS

The LADY

ANN,

Daughter to His

Royal Highneſs.

MADAM,

I Humbly lay before your Highneſs Feet an Unhappy Favourite, but 'tis in Your Power to make him no longer ſo; Not his Queens Repentance, nor her Tears cou'd Reſcue him from the Malice of his Enemies, nor from the violence of a moſt unfortunate Death; but your Highneſs with this unſpeakable Favour, and ſo Divine a Condeſcention in Protecting this once pitty'd Hero, will make him live Eternally; and thoſe who cou'd ſcarce behold him on the Stage without weeping, when they ſhall ſee him thus exalted, will all turn en-

vious of his Fortune, which they can never think deplorable while he is grac'd by your Highneſs. For my own part, I tremble to expreſs my Thanks in ſo mean Language, but much more when I wou'd pay my Tribute of juſt Praiſes to your Highneſs; 'tis not to be attempted by any Pen, Heaven has done it to a Miracle in Your own Perſon, where are Written ſo many admirable Characters, ſuch Illuſtrious Beauties on a Body ſo Divinely fram'd, that there is none ſo dull and ignorant, that cannot read 'em plainly. And when You vouchſafe to caſt your Eyes on thoſe beneath You, they ſpeak their own Excellencies with greater Art and Eloquence, and attract more Admiration than ever *Virgil* did in his Divineſt Flight of Fancy, then *Ovid* in ſpeaking of his Princeſs, or *Apelles* in drawing of his *Venus*; Nor are Your Virtues, or Your Royal Blood leſs admirable, ſprung from the Ineſtimable Fountain of ſo many Illuſtrious Plantagenets, that I ſtand amaz'd at the Mightineſs of the Subject which I have choſen; beſides the awful Genius of your Highneſs, bids me beware how I come too near, leſt I Prophane ſo many Incomparable Perfections in ſo Sacred a Shrine as your Highneſs Perſon, where You ought to be ador'd,

and

and not ſeen: For, like the Ancient Jews in their Religious Worſhip, 'tis a Favour for me to remain on the outward ſteps, and not approach nigh the Vail where the Crowd never come: This, Moſt Illuſtrious Princeſs, ought to check my Hand, leaſt in attempting your Highneſs Character, my Apprehenſion of the Excellence of the Subject, and the Danger of miſcarrying, ſhould make my Fancy ſink beneath ſo Glorious a Burthen; Therefore I will forbear troubling your Highneſs any further with the Raſhneſs of my Zeal; nor dare I be dictated any longer by it, but will Conclude, in hopes that, when hereafter I may chance to Record the Memory of a Princeſs, whoſe Beauty, Fortune and Merits are greater than *Homer* ever feign'd, or *Taſſo* Copy'd, I may have leave to draw her Pattern from your Highneſs, and when that is done, the reſt of my Life ſhall be employ'd in Prayers for your Eternal Happineſs, which be pleas'd to Interpret as the Duty of,

MADAM,

Your Highneſs's Moſt Obedient,
Moſt humble, and
Moſt Devoted Servant,

John Banks.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

The Earl of Eſſex.	*Mr.* Clarke.
Earl of Southampton.	*Mr.* Gryffin.
Burleigh.	*Major* Mohun.
Sir Walter Rawleigh.	*Mr.* Diſney.
Lieutenant of the Tower.	
Queen Elizabeth.	*Mrs.* Quyn.
Counteſs of Rutland *Secretly Married to the Earl of* Eſſex.	*Mrs.* Cook.
Counteſs of Nottingham.	*Mrs.* Corbett.

Women.
Gentlemen, Guards and Attendants.

SCENE
WHITE-HALL
AND THE
TOWER.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Major *Mohun*, the First Four Days

THE Merchant, joyful with the Hopes of Gain,
Ventures his Life and Fortunes on the Main;
But the poor Poet oftner does Expoſe
More than his Life, his Credit, for Applauſe.
The Play's his Veſſel, and his Venture, Wit:
Hopes are his Indies, *Rocks and Seas, the* Pit.
Yet our good-natur'd Author bids me Swear
He'll Court you ſtill, the more his Fate draws near;
And cannot chuſe but blame their Feeble Rage
That Crow at you, upon their Dunghill Stage;
A certain ſign they merit to be Curſt,
When, to excuſe their faults, they cry Whore firſt.
So oft in their dull Prologues, 'tis expreſt,
That Critick now's become no more a Jeſt;
Methinks ſelf-intereſt in 'em more ſhould Rule;
There's none ſo impudent to ask a Dole,
And then to call his Benefactor Fool?
They Merit to be Damn'd as well as Poor,
For who that's in a Storm, and hears it roar,
But then would Pray, that never pray'd before?
Yet Seas are calm ſome times; and you, like thoſe,
Are neceſſary Friends, but Curſed Foes:
But if amongſt you all he has no Friend,
He humbly begs that you would be ſo kind,
Lay Malice by, and uſe him as you find.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

Spoken to the King and Queen at their coming to the Houſe, and Written on purpoſe By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

WHEN firſt the Ark was Landed on the Shore,
And Heaven had vow'd to curſe the Ground no more,
When Tops of Hills the Longing Patriark ſaw,
And the new Scene of Earth began to draw;
The Dove was ſent to View the Waves Decreaſe,
And firſt brought back to Man the Pledge of Peace:
Tis needleſs to apply when thoſe appear
Who bring the Olive, and who Plant it here.
We have before our eyes the Royal Dove,
Still Innocence is Harbinger to Love,
The Ark is open'd to diſmiſs the Train,
And People with a better Race the Plain.
Tell me you Powers, why ſhould vain Man purſue,
With endleſs Toyl, each object that is new,
And for the ſeeming ſubſtance leave the true ——
Why ſhould he quit for hopes his certain good,
And loath the Manna of his daily food?
Muſt England *ſtill the Scene of Changes be,*
Toſt and Tempeſtuous like our Ambient Sea?
Muſt ſtill our Weather and our Wills agree?
Without our Blood our Liberties we have,
Who that is Free would Fight to be a Slave?
Or what can Wars to after Times Aſſure,
Of which our Preſent Age is not ſecure?
All that our Monarch would for us Ordain,
Is but t'Injoy the Bleſſings of his Reign.
Our Lands an Eden, *and the Main's our Fence,*
While we preſerve our State of Innocence;
That loſt, then Beaſts their Brutal Force employ,
And firſt their Lord, and then themſelves deſtroy:
What Civil Broils have coſt we know too well,
Oh let it be enough that once we fell,
And every Heart conſpire with every Tongue,
Still to have ſuch a King, and this King Long.

THE

THE Unhappy Favourite, OR THE EARL of ESSEX.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Countess of Nottingham, Burleigh *at several Doors. The Countess Reading a Letter.*

Not. HELP me to raile prodigious minded *Burleigh*,
Prince of bold *English* Councils, teach me how
This hateful Breast of mine may Dart forth words,
Keen as thy Wit, Malitious as thy Person;
Then I'le caress thee, stroak thee into shape.
This Rocky dismal Form of thine that holds
The most Seraphick Mind, that ever was;
I'le heal and Mould thee, with a soft embrace;
Thy Mountain Back shall yield beneath these Arms,
And thy pale wither'd Cheeks that never glow,
Shall then be deck'd with Roses of my own——
Invent some new strange Curse that's far above
Weak Womans Rage to Blast the Man I Love,
Burl. What means the fairest of the Court, say what
More cruel Darts are forming in those Eyes
To make Adoring *Cecil* more unhappy?
If such a Wretched, and declar'd hard Fate
Attends the Man you Love, what then bright Star
Has your Malignant Beauty yet in Store
For him that is the Object of your Scorn?
Tell me that most unhappy, happy Man,
Declare who is this most ungrateful Lover?
And to obey my lovely *Nottingham*
I will prefer this dear Cabal, and her
To all the other Councils in the World;

Nay tho' the Queen, and her two Nations call'd,
And ſinking *England* ſtood this hour in need
For this ſupporting Head, they all ſhou'd ſue,
Or periſh all for one kind look from you
Not. There ſpoke the *Genius*, and the Breath of *England.*
Thou *Æſculapius* of the Chriſtian World!
Methinks the Queen, in all her Majeſty,
Hemm'd with a Pomp of Ruſty Swords, and duller Brains,
When thou art abſent, is a naked Monarch.
And fills an idle Throne till *Cecil* comes
To head her Councils, and inſpire her Generals——
Thy uncooth ſelf that ſeems a Scourge to Nature
For ſo malitiouſly deforming thee,
Is by the Heav'nly Pow'rs ſtamp'd with a Soul
That like the Sun breaks through dark Miſts, when none
Beholds the Cloud, but Wonders at the Light.
Burl. O ſpare that Angels Voice till the laſt Day,
Such Heav'nly Praiſe is loſt on ſuch a Subject.
Not. Let none perſume to ſay while *Burleigh* Lives,
A Woman wears the Crown; Fourth *Richard* rather,
Heir to the Third in Magnaminity,
In Perſon, Courage, Wit, and Bravery all,
But to his Vices none, nor to his End
I hope.
Burl. You Torture me with this Exceſs————
Were but my Fleſh Caſt in a Purer Mould,
Then you might ſee me Bluſh, But my hot Blood
Burn't with continual thought, does inward Glow;
Thought like the Sun ſtill goes its daily Round,
And Scorches, as in *India* to the Root.————
But to the Wretched Cauſe of your diſturbance;
Say, ſhall I gueſs? Is *Eſſex* not the Man?
Not. O! Name not *Eſſex*, Hell, and Tortures rather,
Poyſons and Vultures to the Breaſt of Man
Are not ſo Cruel as the Name of *Eſſex*————
Speak good my Lord; nay, never ſpeak nor think
Again, unleſs you can aſſwage this worſe
Than Fury in my Breaſt.
Burl. Tell me the Cauſe.
Then ceaſe your Rage, and Study to Revenge.
Not. My Rage! It is the Wing by which I'le Fly
To be Reveng'd—I'le nere be Patient more.
Liſt me my Rage, nay, Mount me to the Stars,
Where I may Hunt this *Peacock*, tho' he lies
Cloſe in the Lap of *Juno*—*Elizabeth*;
Tho' the Queen Circles him with Charms of Pow'r,
And hides her Minion like another *Circe*.

Burl. Still well inſtructed Rage, but pray diſcloſe
The Reaſon of the Earls Misfortune.
Not. You are,
My Friend, the Cabinet of all my Frailties;
From you, as from Juſt Heav'n, I hope for Abſolution;
Yet pray tho' Anger makes me Red, when I
Diſcourſe the Reaſon of my Rage, be kind,
And ſay it is my Sexe's Modeſty.
Know then,
This Baſe imperious Man I Lov'd, Lov'd ſo,
Till Lingering with the Pain of Fierce deſire,
And Shame that ſtrove to Torture me alike,
At laſt I paſt the Limits of our Sex,
And (O kind *Cecil* pitty and Forgive me)
Sent this opprobrious Man my Mind a Slave;
In a kind Letter Broke the ſilence of
My Love, which rather ſhou'd have Broke my Heart.
Burl. But pray, what Anſwer did you get from him?
Not. Such as has made an Earth-quake in my Soul,
Shook ev'ry Vital in theſe tender Limbs,
And rais'd me to the Storm you found me in.
At firſt he Charm'd me with a thouſand Hopes,
Elſe 'twas my Love thought all his Actions ſo——
Juſt now from *Ireland* I receiv'd this Letter,
Which take and Read; but now I think, you ſhall not——
I'll tear it in a thouſand pieces firſt,
Tear it as I wou'd *Eſſex* with my Will,
To Bits, to Morſells, Hack the mangl'd Slave,
Till every Atome of his Curſed Body [*Tears the Letter in a Rage.*
Sever'd, and Flew like Duſt before the Wind.
Now do I Bleſs the Chance, all elſe may blame
Me for Revealing of my Fooliſh Paſſion———
Did I e're think theſe Celebrated Charms
Which I ſo often have been Bleſt, and Prais'd for,
Shou'd once be deſtin'd to ſo mean a Price
As a Refuſal!———Are there Friends above
That Protect Innocence, and injur'd Love?
Hear me, and Curſe me, ſtraight with Wrinkl'd Age,
With Leproſie, Deriſion, all your Plagues
On Earth, and Hell hereafter, if I'm not Reveng'd.
Burl. Elſe ſay ſhe is no Woman, or no Widow—— [*Aſide.*
The Sacred Guardians of your ſlighted Beauties,
Have had more Pitty on their Lovely Charge,
Than to behold you ſwallow'd in his Ruin.
The beſt, and worſt that Fortune cou'd propoſe,
To you in *Eſſex* Love, was to have brought,
A helpleſs, ſhort-liv'd Traytor to your Arms.

Not. Ha! Traytor ſay you! Speak that Word again——
Yet do not; 'tis enough if *Burleigh* ſays it:
His Wit has Power to Damn the Man that thinks it.
And t' extract Treaſon from infected Thought.
The Nations ſafety like a Ship he Steers,
When Tempeſts Blow, rais'd by deſigns of falſe,
And Ignorant States-men; by his Wit alone
They'r all Diſperſt, and by his Breath ſhe Sayls,
His Proſperous Councils all her gentle Gales.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. My Lord, the Queen expects you ſtraight.
Burl. Madam,
Be Pleas'd to Attend her Majeſty ith' *Preſence*,
Where you ſhall hear ſuch Miſdemeanours offer'd,
Such Articles againſt the Earl of *Eſſex*,
As will both glad the Nation, and your ſelf.
Gent. My Lord, I ſee the haughty Earl of *Southampton*
Coming this way.
Burl. Madam, retire.
Not. I goe
With greater expectation of delight
Than a young Bride-groom on his Marriage Night. [*Exit Counteſs of Notting.*

Burl. Southampton he's the chiefe of *Eſſex* Faction,
His Friend, and Sworn Brother; and I fear
Too much a Friend, and partner of his Revels
To be a Stranger to the others Guilt——
'Tis not yet time to lop this haughty Bough,
Till I have ſhaken firſt the Tree that bears it.

Enter Southampton.

South. My Lord, I hear unwelcome News; 'tis ſaid
Some Factious Members of the Houſe, Headed
By you, have Voted an Addreſs for leave
T' impeach the Earl of *Eſſex* of ſtrange Articles,
Of Treaſon.
Burl. Treaſon, 'tis moſt true is laid
To *Eſſex* Charge, but that I am the Cauſe
They do me wrong, th' Occaſion is too publick;
For thoſe dread Storms in *Ireland* rais'd by him,
Have blown ſo rudely on our *Engliſh* Coaſts,
That they have Ship-wrack'd quite the Nations Peace,
And wak'd it's very Statues to abhorring.
South. Meer Argument, your nice, and fine diſtinctions,

T.

To make a good Man Vitious, or a bad
Man Virtuous, ev'n as pleaſe the Sophiſters———
My Lord, you are ingendring Snakes within you,
I fear you have a ſubtle ſtinging Heart;
And give me leave to tell you, that this Treaſon,
If any, ha's been hatch'd in *Burleigh*'s School.
I ſee Ambition in the fair Pretence,
Burleigh in all its Cunning, dark Diſguiſes,
And envious *Cecil* ev'ry where.

Burl. My Lord, my Lord, your Zeal to this bad Earl
Makes you offend the Queen, and all good men.
Believe it, Sir, his Crimes have bin ſo noted,
So plain, and open to the State, and her,
That he can now no more deceive the Eyes
Of a moſt Gracious Miſtreſs, or her Council;
Nor can ſhe any longer, if ſhe wou'd
In pitty of his other Parts let Juſtice wink,
But rouze her ſelf from Cheated ſlumbering *Mercy*,
And ſtart at his moſt foul Ingratitude.
Nor does it well become the brave *Southampton*
To Plead in his behalf; for fear it pulls
Upon himſelf, ſuſpicion of his Crimes.

Sou. Hold in my Fire, and ſcorch not through my Ribs,
Quench if thou canſt, the Burning Furious Pain———
I cannot if I wou'd, but muſt unload
Some of the Torture—— Now by my Wrong'd ſelf,
And *Eſſex* much more Wrong'd, I Swear 'tis falſe,
Falſe, as the Rules by which Vile Stateſ-men Govern,
Falſe as their Arts, by which the Traytors Riſe,
By Cheating Nations Deſtroying Kings,
And falſe impoſing on the Common Crew.
Eſſex! By all the Hopes of my Immortal Soul,
There's not one drop of Blood, of that brave Man
But holds more Honour, Truth and Loyalty
Than Thy whole Maſs beſides, and all thy Brains
Stufft with Cabals, and Projects for the Nation;
Than thou that ſeem'ſt a good St. *Chriſtopher*
Carrying thy Countries *Genius* on thy Back,
But art indeed a Devil, and takeſt more Hire
Than half the Kingdom's Wealth can ſatisfie.
I ſay again, that thou, and all thy Race
With *Eſſex* baſe Accuſers, ev'ry one
Put in a Scale together, Weigh not half
The merit that's in one poor Hair of his.

Burl. Thank you, my Lord——ſee I can bear the Scandal,
And cannot chuſe but ſmile, to ſee you Rage.

South. It is, becauſe thy Guilty Soul's a Coward,

And has not Spirit enough to feign a Paſſion.

Burl. It is the Token of my Innocence.——
But let *Southampton* have a ſpecial Care
To keep his cloſe Deſigns from *Cecils* way,
Leaſt he diſturb the *Genius* of the Nation
As you were pleas'd to call me; and beware
The Fate of *Eſſex*. [*Exit* Burleigh.

South. Ha! The Fate of *Eſſex*!
Thou lyeſt Proud States-man, 'tis above thy reach;
As high above thy malice as is Heaven
Beyond a *Cecils* Hopes——Deſpair not *Eſſex*,
Nor his brave Friends, ſince a Juſt Queen's his Judge;
She that ſaw once ſuch Wonders in thy Perſon,
A ſcarce fledg'd Youth, as Loading thee with Honours,
At once made thee Earl-marſhal, Knight o'th' Garter,
Chief Councellor, and Admiral at Sea————
She comes, ſhe comes bright Goddeſs of the Day,
And *Eſſex*'s Foes ſhe drives like Miſts away.

Enter the Queen, Burleigh, *Lord Chancellor, Counteſs of* Nottingham, *Counteſs of* Rutland, *Lords and Attendants, Queen on a Chair of State, Guards.*

Queen. My Lords, we hear not any thing Confirms
The New deſigns were dreaded of the *Spaniards*:
Our Letters lately from our Agent there
Say nothing of ſuch Fears, nor do I think
They dare.

Burl. To dare, moſt High Illuſtrious Princeſs,
Is ſuch a Virtue *Spaniard* never knew,
His Courage is as Cold as he is Hot,
And Faith is as Adulterate as his Blood.
What truth can we expect from ſuch a Race
Of Mungrells, Jews, Mahumetans, Gothes, Moors,
And Indians with a few of Old Caſtillians,
Shuffl'd in Natures Mould together?
That *Spain* may truly now be call'd the Place
Where *Babel* firſt was Built. Theſe Men
With all falſe Tenets chopt and maſht together,
Suck'd from the Scum of ev'ry baſe Religion,
Which they have ſince Transformed to *Romiſh* Maſs,
Are now become the Miters darling Sons,
And *Spain* is call'd the *Popes* moſt Catholick King.

Queen. Spoke like true *Cecil* ſtill, Old Proteſtant————
But, Oh! It Joys me with the dear Remembrance
Of this Romantick huge Invaſion.
From the Popes Cloſet where 'twas firſt Begot,

Bulls, Abſolutions, Pardons, frightful Banns
Flew o're the Continent, and Narrow Seas,
Some to Reward, and others to Torment,
Nay, worſe, the Inquiſition was let looſe
To Teach the very Atheiſts Purgatory.
Then were a Thouſand Holy Hands employ'd,
As Cardinals, Biſhops, Abbots, Monks, and Jeſuits,
Not a poor Mendicant, or Begging Fryer
But thought he ſhou'd be Damn'd to leave the Work.
South. Whole Sholes of Benedictions were diſperſt;
Nay, the good *Pope* himſelf ſo weari'd was
With giving Bleſſings to theſe Holy Warriours,
That Flew to him, from ev'ry Part as thick
As Hornets to their Neſt, It gave his Arms
The Gout.
Burl. O Faithleſs, incouragious Hands!
They ſhou'd have both been burnt for Hereticks.
Queen, But when this huge, and mighty Fleet was ready
Altars were ſtrip'd of ſhining Ornaments.
Their Images, their Pictures, Palls, and Hangi
By Nuns, and Perſians, wrought,
All went to help their great Armado forth;
Relicks of all degrees of Saints
Were there diſtributed, and not a Ship
Was Bleſt without one; ev'ry Sail amongſt 'em
Boaſted to carry, as a certain Pledge
Of Victory, ſome of the real Croſs.
South. Long live that Day, and never be forgotten
The gallant Hour, when to th' immortal Fame
Of *England*, and the more immortal *Drake*,
That Proud Armado was deſtroy'd; yet was
The Fight not half ſo dreadful as th' Event
Was pleaſant. When the firſt Broad ſides were giv'n,
A tall brave Ship, the talleſt of the Reſt,
That ſeem'd the Pride of all their big Half-moon,
Whether by Chance, or by a lucky Shot
From us, I know not, but ſhe was Blown up,
Burſting like Thunder, and almoſt as high,
And then did ſhiver in a Thouſand Pieces,
Whilſt from her Belly Crouds of Living Creatures
Broke like untimely Births, and fill'd the Skye.
Then might be ſeen a *Spaniard* catch his Fellow,
And Wreſtling in the Air fall down together;
A Prieſt for ſafety Riding on a Croſs,
Another that had none, croſſing himſelf;
Fryers with long big Sleeves like Magpyes Wings
That bore them up, came gently Sailing down:

Some

One with a Don that held him by the Arms,
And Cry'd Confeſs me ſtraight; but as he juſt
Had ſpoke the Words, they Tumbled down together.
Burl. Juſt Heav'n that never ceas'd to have a Care
Of your moſt Gracious Majeſty, and Kingdoms,
By Valiant Souldiers, and by Faithful Leaders,
Confounded in one day the vaſt Deſigns
Of *Italy*, and *Spain* againſt our Liberties;
So may *Tyrone*, and *Iriſh* Rebels fall,
And ſo may all your Captains henceforth prove
To be as Loyal, and as ſtout Commanders.
Queen. Is there no freſher News from *Ireland* yet?
Burl. None better than the laſt, that ſeems too ill
To be repeated in your Gracious hearing.
Queen. Why, what was that?
South. Now, now the ſubtil Fiend } [*Aſide.*
Begins to Conjure up a Storm. }
Burl. How ſoon your Gracious Majeſty forgets
Crimes done by any of your Subjects!
Queen. What?
That *Eſſex* did defer his Journey to
The North, and therefore loſt the Seaſon quite;
Was not that all?
Burl. And that he met *Tyrone*
At his Requeſt, and treated with him private.
A Ford dividing them, they both Rode in,
Wading their Horſes Knee deep on each ſide;
But that the Diſtance from each other was
So great, and they were forc'd to parly loud,
Orders were given to keep the Souldiers off;
Nay, not an Officer in all the Army
But was deny'd to hear what paſs'd between them——
What follow'd then the Parly? was the Truce,
So ſhameful, (If I may be bold to call
It ſo,) both to your Majeſty and *England?*
Queen. Enough, enough, good *Cecil*, you begin
To be inveterate; 'Twas his firſt Fault;
And tho' that Crimes done to the Nation's hurt
Admit of no Excuſe or Mitigation
From th' Author's many Virtues or Misfortunes,
Yet you muſt all confeſs that he is brave,
Valiant as any, and 'as done as much
For you as e're *Alcides* did for *Greece*.
Yet I'le not hide his Faults but blame him too,
And therefore I have ſent him Chiding Letters,
Forbidding him to leave the Kingdom till
He has diſpatcht the War, and kill'd *Tyrone*.

Enter

Enter Sir Walter Rawleigh, *attended by ſome other Members of the Houſe.*

Burl. Moſt Royal Madam, here's the gallant *Rawleigh*,
With others in Commiſſion from the Houſe,
Who attend your Majeſty with ſome few Bills
And humbleſt of Addreſſes, that you wou'd
Be pleas'd to paſs 'm for the Nations ſafety.
Queen. Welcome my People, welcome to your Queen,
Who wiſhes ſtill no longer to be ſo
Than ſhe can Govern well, and ſerve you all;
Welcome again, dear People; for I'me Proud
To call you ſo, and let it not be Boaſting
In me, to ſay, I love you with a greater Love
Than ever Kings before ſhowr'd down on Subjects,
And that I think ne're did a People more
Deſerve, than you. Be quick
And tell me your Demands; I long to hear:
For know, I count your wants are all my own.
Raw. Long live the bright Imperial Majeſty
Of *England*, Virgin Star of Chriſtendom,
Bleſſing, and Guide of all your Subjects Lives,
Who wiſh the Sun may ſooner be extinguiſh'd
From the bright Orb he Rules in, than their Queen
Shou'd e're deſcend the Throne ſhe now makes happy.
Your Parliament, moſt Bleſt of Soveraigns,
Calling to mind the Providence of Heaven
In Guarding ſtill your People under you.
And ſparing your moſt Precious Life,
Do humbly offer to your Royal Pleaſure
Three Bills to be made living Acts hereafter,
All for the ſafety of your Crown and Life,
More precious than ten thouſand of your Slaves.
Queen. Let *Cecil* take, and read what they contain.
Burl. *An Act for ſettling and eſtabliſhing* [*Cecil* takes the Papers,
A ſtrong Militia out of ev'ry County, and reads the Contents.
And likewiſe for levying a new Army
Conſiſting of ſix thouſand Foot at leaſt,
And Horſe three thouſand, quickly to be ready,
As a ſtrong Guard for the Queens Sacred Perſon,
And to prevent what clandeſtine deſigns
The Spaniards, *or the* Scots *may have.*
Quee. Thanks to
My Dear, and Loving People, I will paſs it.
Burl. This ſecond Act is for the ſpeedy raiſing
Two Hundred Thouſand Pounds to pay the Army,

And to be ordered as the Queen ſhall pleaſe;
This to be gathered by a Benevolence,
And Subſidy, in ſix Months time from hence.
Quee. What mean my giving Subjects! It ſhall paſs.
Burl. The third has ſeveral Articles at large,
With an Addreſs Subſcrib'd, moſt humbly offer'd
For the Impeaching *Robert* Earl of *Eſſex*
Of ſeveral Miſdemeanors of High Treaſon.
Que. Ha!
This unthought Blaſt has ſhockt me like an Ague—
It has alarum'd every Sence, and ſpoyl'd me
Of all the Awful Courage of a Queen;
But I'le recover——Say, my *Nottingham*,
And *Rutland*, did you ever hear the like!
But are you well aſſur'd I am awake?
Bleſs me and ſay it is a Horrid Viſion,
That I am not upon the Throne———
Ha! Is't not ſo?—Yes, Traytors, I'le obey you——
Aſide.

[*She riſes in a Rage*

Here ſit you in my Place; take *Burleigh*'s Staff,
The Chancellor's Seal, and *Eſſex*'s valiant Head,
And leave me none but ſuch as are your ſelves,
Knaves for my Counſel, Fools for Magiſtrates,
And Cowards for Commanders—— Oh my Heart
South. O horrid impoſition on a Throne!
Eſſex; that has ſo bravely ſerv'd the Nation!
That I may boldly ſay, *Drake* did not more,
That has ſo often beat his Foes on Land,
Stood like a Promontory in its defence,
And ſayl'd with Dragons wings to Guard the Seas;
Eſſex! That took as many Towns in *Spain*
As all this Iſland hold, begger'd their Fleet
That came with Loads of half their Mines in *India*,
And took a mighty Carrack of ſuch Value,
That held more Gold in its Prodigious Deck
Than ſerv'd the Nation's Riot in a Year.
Quee. Ingrateful People! Take away my Life;
'Tis that you'd have: for I have Reign'd too long——
You too well know that I'me a Woman, elſe
You durſt not uſe me thus——Had you but fear'd
Your Queen as you did once my Royal Father,
Or had I but the Spirit of that Monarch,
With one ſhort Syllable I ſhou'd have ram'd
Your Impudent Petitions down your Throats,
And made four hundred of your Factious Crew
Tremble, and grovel on the Earth for fear.

Raw. Thus proſtrate at your Feet we beg for Pardon,
and humbly crave your Majeſties Forgiveneſs. [*Petitioners kneel.*
Quee. No more——Attend me in the Houſe to morrow-
Burl. Moſt Mighty Queen! Bleſt and Ador'd by all,
Torment not ſo your Royal Breaſt with Paſſion:
Not all of us, our Lives, Eſtates and Country
Are worth the leaſt diſturbance of your mind.
Quee. Are you become a Pleader for ſuch Traytors!
Ha! I ſuſpect that *Cecil* too is envious,
And *Eſſex* is too great for thee to grow.——
A Shrub that never ſhall be look'd upon,
Whilſt *Eſſex*, that's a Cedar ſtands ſo nigh——
Tell me, why was not I acquainted with
This cloſe Deſign: For I am ſure thou know'ſt it.
Burl. Madam——
Quee. Be dumb; I will hear no Excuſes.——
I could turn Cynick, and outrage the Wind,
Fly from all Courts, from Buſineſs, and Mankind,
Leave all like *Chaos* in Confuſion hurl'd:
For 'tis not Reaſon now that rules the World:
There's Order in all States but Man below,
And all things elſe do to Superiours bow;
Trees, Plants, and Fruits, rejoyce beneath the Sun,
Rivers, and Seas are guided by the Moon;
The Lyon rules through Shades and ev'ry Green,
And Fiſhes own the Dolphin for their Queen;
But Man the veryer Monſter, worſhips ſtill
No God but Luſt, no Monarch but his Will.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus Secundus, Scena prima.

Counteſs of Eſſex.

C. *Eſſ.* IS this the Joy of a new Marry'd Life?
This all the taſte of Pleaſures that are Feign'd
To flow from ſweet and Everlaſting Springs?
By what falſe Opticks do we view thoſe ſights,
And by our ravenous Wiſhes ſeem to draw
Delights ſo far beyond a Mortals reach,
And bring 'em home to our deluded Breaſts?
'Tis not yet long ſince that bleſt day was paſt,
A Day I wiſh that ſhou'd for ever laſt;

The Night once gone, I did the Morning chide,
Whose Beams betray'd me by my *Essex* side,
And whilst my Blushes, and my Eyes he blest,
I strove to hide 'em in his panting Breast,
And my hot Cheeks close to his Bosom laid.
Listning to what the Guest within it said,
Where Fire to Fire the Noble Heart did burn,
Close like a Phœnix in her spicey Urn:
I sigh'd, and wept for Joy, a showre of Tears,
And felt a thousand sweet, and pleasant fears,
Too rare for Sense, too exquisite to say;
Pain we can count, but pleasure steals away:
But Business now, and envious Glory's Charms
Have snatcht him from these ever Faithful Arms,
Ambition, that's the highest way to Woe,
Cruel Ambition, Love's Eternal Foe.

Enter Southampton.

South. Thou dearest Partner of my dearest Friend,
The brightest Planet of thy Shining Sex,
Forgive me for the unwelcome News I bring,——
Essex is come the most deplor'd of Men!

C. *Ess.* Now by the Sacred Joy that fills my Heart,
What fatal meaning can there be in that?
Is my Lord come? say, speak.

South. Too sure he's come————
But oh that Seas, as wide as Waters flow,
Or burning Lakes as broad, and deep as Hell,
Had rather parted you for ever,
So *Essex* had been safe on th' other side.

C. *Ess.* My Lord, You much amaze me————
Pray what of ill has happen'd since this Morning,
That the Queen Guarded him with so much mercy,
And then refus'd to hear his false Impeachers?

South. Too soon alas h'as forfeited his Honours,
Places and Wealth, but more his precious Life,
Condemn'd by the too cruel Nation's Laws
For leaving his Commission, and returning,
When the Queens Absolute Commands forbid him.

C. *Ess.* Fond hopes! must then our meeting prove so fatal?

South. Say Madam, now what help will you propose,
Can the Queens pitty any more protect him?
Never, it is no longer in her Power,
She must tho' 'gainst her Will deliver him
A Sacrifice to all his greedy Foes.

C. *Ess.* Where is my Lord?

South.

South. *Blunt* left him on the Way,
And came diſguis'd in haſt to give me notice.
C. *Eſſ.* Let him go back, and give my *Eſſex* warning,
Conjuring him from us to ſtir no further,
But ſtraight return to *Ireland* e're 'tis known
He left the Place.
South. Alas it is no ſecret;
Beſides, he left the Town almoſt as ſoon
As *Blunt*, and is expected every moment.
C. *Eſſ.* How cou'd it be reveal'd ſo ſuddenly?
South. I know not that, unleſs from Hell it came,
Where *Cecil* too is Privy Counſellor,
And knows as much as any Devil there.
I met the Cunning Fiend and *Rawleigh* whiſpering;
And the fair Treacherous *Nottingham*,
I ſaw bedeck'd with an ill-natur'd ſmile,
That ſhew'd malicious Beauty to the height.
C. *Eſſ.* Hold, hold, my Lord, my fears begin to wrack me,
And Danger now in all it's horrid Shapes,
Stalks in my way, and makes my Blood run cold,
Worſe than a thouſand Glaring Spirits cou'd do.
Aſſiſt me ſtraight thou *Damon* to my *Eſſex*,
Help me thou more than Friend in miſery———
I'le to the Queen, and ſtraight declare our Marriage;
She will have mercy on my helpleſs State.
Pitty theſe Tears, and all my humble Poſtures;
If not for me, nor for my *Eſſex* ſake,
Yet for the Illuſtrious Off-ſpring that I bear;
I'le go, I'l run, I'l hazzard all this Moment. [*Offers to be gone.*
South. Led by vain Hopes, you fly to your Deſtruction;
There wants but that dread Secret to be known,
To tumble you for ever to Deſpair,
And leave you both Condemn'd without the Hopes
Of the Queens Pitty, or Remorſe hereafter.
C. *Eſſ.* Curſt be the Stars that flatter'd at our Births,
That ſhone ſo bright with ſuch unuſual Luſter,
As Cheated the whole World into belief
Our Lives alone were all their chiefeſt Care.
South. Be Comforted, rely on *Eſſex*'s Fate,
And the Queens Mercy———
Behold ſhe comes, our good or evil Fate,
In diſcontented Characters wrote on
Her Brow.

Enter the Queen, Burleigh, *Countess of* Nottingham, Rawleigh, *Attendant Guards.*

Queen. Is *Essex* then Arriv'd?
Burl. He is.
Queen. Then he has lost me all the flattering Hopes [*Aside.*
I ever had to save him——Come say you!
Who else came with him?
Burl. Some few Attendants.
Queen. Durst the most vile of Traytors serve me thus!
Double my strength about me, draw out Men,
And set a Guard before the Palace Gates,
And bid my valiant Friends the Citizens
Be ready straight————I shall be murder'd else,
And faithful *Cecil*, if thou lov'st thy Queen,
See all this done: For how can I be safe,
If *Essex* that I favour'd, seeks my Life.
Burl. Wil't please your Majesty to see the Earl?
Queen. No.
Burl. Shall I publish straight your Royal Order,
That may forbid his coming to the Court,
Until your Majesty command him?
Queen Neither————
How durst you seem t'interpret what's my Pleasure!
No, I will see him if a' comes, and then
Leave me to act without your saucy Aid,
If I have any Royal Power.
C. Ess. Blest be the Queen, blest be the pitying God
That has inspir'd her. [*Aside.*
South. Most admir'd of Queens,
Thus low unto the ground I bend my Body,
And wish I cou'd sink lower through the Earth,
To suit a posture to my humble Heart.
I tremble to excuse my gallant Friend
In contradiction to your Heavenly Will;
Who like a God knows all, and 'tis enough
You think him innocent, and he is so;
But yet your Majesty's most Royal Soul,
That soars so high above the humble malice
Of base and sordid Wretches under you,
Perhaps is ignorant the valiant Earl
Has Foes, Foes that are only so, because
Your Majesty has crown'd him with your Favours,
And lifted him so far above their sights,
That 'tis a pain to all their envious Eyes
To look so high above him; and of these

Some grow too near your Royal Person,
As the ill Angels did at first in Heaven,
And daily seek to hurt this brave Mans Virtue.
Queen. Help me thou infinite Ruler of all things,
That sees at once far as the Sun displays,
And searches every Soul of humane kind,
Quick, and unfelt, as light infuses Beams,
Unites, and makes all Contradictions centre,
And to the sence of Man, which is more strange,
Governs innumerable distant Parts
By one intire same Providence at once.
Teach me so far thy Holy Art of Rule,
As in a mortal reason may distinguish
Betwixt bold Subjects, and a Monarch's Right.
Burl. May't please your Majesty, the Earl is come,
And waits your Pleasure.
Queen. Let him be admitted———
Now now support thy Royalty,
And hold thy greatness firm; but oh, how heavy
A Load is State where the Free Mind's disturb'd!
How happy a Maid is she that always lives,
Far from high Honour, in a low content,
Where neither Hills, nor dreadful Mountains grow,
But in a Vale where Springs and Pleasures flow;
Where Sheep lye round instead of Subjects Throngs,
The Trees for Musick, Birds instead of Songs;
Instead of *Essex* one Poor faithful Hind,
He as a Servant, She a Mistress kind,
Who with Garlands for her coming Crowns her Door,
And all with Rushes strews her little Floore.
Where at their mean Repast no Fears attend
Of a false Enemy, or falser Friend;
No care of Scepters, nor Ambitious Frights
Disturb the quiet of their sleep at Nights.———
He comes; this proud Invader of my Rest,
A comes; But I intend so to receive him———

Enter the Earl of Essex *with* Attendants.

[Essex *kneels.* *The Queen turns to the Countess of* Nottingham.
Essex. Long live the mightiest, most ador'd of Queens,
The brightest Power on Earth that Heav'n e're form'd;
Aw'd and amaz'd the trembling *Essex* kneels,
Essex that stood the dreadful voice of Cannons,
Hid in a darker Field of Smoak and Fire,
Than that where Cyclops blows the Forge, and sweat
Beneath the mighty Hill, whilst Bullets round me

Flew

Flew like the Bolts of Heav'n when ſhot with Thunder,
And loſt their Fury on my Shield and Corſlet;
And ſtood theſe Dangers unconcern'd, and dauntleſs;
But you the moſt Majeſtick, brighteſt Form
That ever Rul'd on Earth, have caught my Soul,
Surpris'd its Virtues all with dread and wonder;
My humble Eyes durſt ſcarcely look up to you,
Your dazling Miene, and Sight ſo fill the place,
And every Part Celeſtial Rays adorn.

Queen. Ha! [*Aſide.*

Eſſex. 'Tis ſaid I have been guilty——
I dare not riſe, but crawl thus on the Earth,
'Till I have leave to kiſs your Sacred Robe,
And clear before the juſteſt, beſt of Queens,
My wrong'd and wounded Innocence.

Quee. What ſaid'ſt thou *Nottingham*? what ſaid the Earl? [*Aſide.*

Eſſex. What not a Word! a Look! not one bleſt Look!
Turn, turn your cruel Brow, and kill me with
A Frown; it is a quick and furer way
To rid you of your *Eſſex*,
Than Baniſhment, Than Fetters, Swords, or Axes——
What not that neither! Then I plainly ſee
My Fate, the Malice of Enemies
Triumphant in their joyful Faces; *Burleigh*
With a glad Cowards Smile, that knows h'as got
Advantage o're his valiant Foe, and *Rawleigh*'s proud
To ſee his dreaded *Eſſex* kneel ſo long,
Eſſex that ſtood in his great Miſtreſs Favour
Like a huge Oak, the loftieſt of the Wood,
Whilſt they no higher cou'd attain to be
Than humble Succors nouriſht by my Root,
And like the Ivy twin'd their flatt'ring Arms
About my Waſte, and liv'd but by my Smiles——

Quee. I muſt be gone: For if I ſtay I ſhall
Here wrack my Conduct, and my Fame for ever——
Thus the Charm'd Pilot liſtning to the Syrens,
Lets his rich Veſſel ſplit upon a Rock,
And loſes both his Life and Wealth together. } *Aſide.*

Eſſex. Still am I ſhun'd as if I wore Deſtruction—— [*riſes.*
Here, here my faithful and my valiant Friends,
Deareſt Companions of the Fate of *Eſſex*,
Behold this Boſom ſtudded o're with Scars,
This marble Breaſt, that has ſo often held,
Like a fierce Battlement againſt the Foes
Of *Englands* Queen, that made a hundred Breaches;
Here, pierce it ſtraight, and through this Wild of Wounds
Be ſure to reach my Heart, this Loyal Heart,

Tha

That ſits conſulting 'midſt a thouſand Spirits
All at command, all faithful to my Queen.
Queen. If I had ever Courage, Haughtineſs,
Or Spirit, help me but now, and I am happy!
He melts; it flows, and drowns my Heart with Pity, } *Aſide.*
If I ſtay longer I ſhall tell him ſo———
What is this Traytor in my ſight!
All that have Loyalty, and love their Queen,
Forſake this horrid Wretch, and follow me.
Exeunt *Queen and her Attendants*, manet *Eſſex* ſolus.

Eſſ. She's gone, and darted fury as ſhe went——
Crueleſt of Queens!
Not heard! Not hear your Souldier ſpeak one word!
Eſſex that once was all day liſten'd to;
Eſſex, that like a Cherub held thy Throne,
Whilſt thou didſt dreſs me with thy wealthy Favours,
Cheer'd me with Smiles, and deck'd me round with Glories;
Nor was thy Crown ſcarce worſhip'd on thy head
Without me by thy Side; but now art deaf
As Adders, Winds, or the remorſeleſs Seas,
Deaf as thy cunning Sexes Ears to thoſe
That make unwelcome Love———What News my Friend?

Enter Southampton.

South. Such as I dare not tell; but pardon me,
As an ill Bird that pearches on the ſide
Of ſome tall Ship foretels a ſtorm at hand,
I come to give you warning of the danger———
See *Cecil* with a Meſſage from the Queen.
Eſſ. Then does my Wrack come rolling on a-pace;
That foul Leviathan nere yet appear'd
Without a horrid Tempeſt from his Noſtrils.

Enter to them Burleigh *and* Rawleigh.

Burl. Hear *Robert* Earl of *Eſſex*,
Hear what the Queen, my Lord, by us pronounces;
She now diveſts you of your Offices,
Your Dignities of Governour of *Ireland*,
Earl Martial, Maſter of her Horſe, General
Of all her Forces both by Land and Sea,
And Lord Lieutenant of the ſeveral Counties,
Of *Eſſex*, *Hereford*, and *Weſtmerland*.
Eſſ. A vaſt and goodly ſumm all at one Caſt
By an unlucky hand thrown quite away.

Burl. Alſo her pleaſure is, that in obedience
To her Commands, you ſend your Staff by us,
Then leave the Court, and ſtir no farther then
Your Houſe, till order from the Queen and Council.
Eſſ. Thanks my Misfortunes, for you fall with weight
Upon me, and Fate ſhoots her Arrows thick;
'Tis hard if they not find one mortal Place
About me———
Burl. My Lord, what ſhall we tell her Majeſty?
What is your Anſwer, for the Queen expects us?
Eſſ. Wilt thou then promiſe to be juſt, and tell her?
Give her a Caution of her worſt of Foes,
Thy greedy ſelf, The Lands infeſting Giant,
Exacting Heads from her beſt Subjects daily;
Worſe than the *Phrygian* Monſter, he was more
Cheaply compounded with, and but devour'd
Seav'n Virgins in a Week, and ſpar'd the reſt.
South. Hold, my brave Friend, waſte not the Noble Breath
Of *Eſſex* on ſo baſe and mean a Subject———
Thou Traytor to thy Sovereign and her Kingdoms,
More full of Guilt than e're thou didſt deviſe
To lay on *Eſſex*, whom thou fear'ſt and hateſt;
And thou, becauſe thy ſordid Soul, and Perſon,
Ne're fitted thee
For gallant actions, thinkeſt the World ſo too:
For he that looks through a foul Glaſs that's ſtain'd,
Sees all things ſtain'd like the foul Perſpective he uſes.
'Tis Crime enough in any to be valiant,
To win a Battel or be fortunate,
Whilſt thou ſtandſt by the Queen to intercept,
Or elſe determine Favours from her hands;
'Tis not who is too blame, or who deſerves,
Nor whom the Queen wou'd look on with a Grace,
But whom proud *Cecil* pleaſes to reward,
Or puniſh, and the valiant never ſcape thee;
Curſt be the brave that fall into ſuch hands;
For Cowards ſtill are Cruel and malicious.
Burl. This I dare tell, and that *Southampton* ſaid it.
South. And put her too in mind of thy vain Glories,
Such Impudence and Oſtentation in thee,
And ſo much horrid Pride and Coſtlineſs,
As wou'd undo a Monarch to ſupply.
Eſſ. So thrives the lazy Gown, and ſuch as ſleep
On Woolſacks, and on Seats of Injur'd Juſtice,
Or learn to prate at Council-Tables; but
How miſerable is Fortune to the Valiant!
Were but Commanders half ſo well rewarded

For

For all their Winters Camps, and Summers Fights,
Then they might eat, and the poor Soldiers Widdows,
And Children too might all be kept from ſtarving.
Raw. My Lord, in ſpeaking thus you tax the Queen
Of Weakneſs and injuſtice both, and that
She favours none but worthleſs Perſons.
Burl. Muſt we return this ſtubborn Anſwer to her?
You'l not obey her Majeſty, nor here
Reſign your Staff of Offices to us?
Eſſ. Tell her what e're thy malice can invent;
Yet if thou ſay'ſt I'le not obey the Queen,
I tell thee Lord,
'Tis falſe, falſe as thy moſt inveterate Soul
That looks through the foul Priſon of thy Body,
And curſes all ſhe ſees at liberty———
I tell thee creeping thing, the Queens too good,
More merciful than to condemn a Slave,
Much leſs her *Eſſex* without hearing him———
I will appeal to her———
Burl. You'l not believe us,
Nor that it was by her Command we came.
Eſſex. I do not.
Burl. Fare you well my Lords. [*Exeunt* Burleigh *and* Rawleigh.
Eſſ. Go thou
My Brave *Southampton*, follow to the Queen,
And quickly e're my cruel Foes are heard,
Tell her that thus her faithful *Eſſex* ſays,
This Star ſhe deck'd me with; and all theſe Honours elſe,
In one bleſt hour, when ſcarce my tender years
Had reach'd the Age of Man, ſhe heap'd upon me,
As if the Sun that ſows the Seeds of Gemms
And golden Mines had ſhow'rd upon my head,
And dreſt me like the Bridegroom of her favour.
This thou beheldſt, and Nations wonder'd at,
The World had not a Favourite ſo great,
So lov'd as I.
South. And I am witneſs too
How many gracious Smiles ſhe bleſt 'em with,
And parted with a Look with every Favour,
Was doubly worth the Gift, whilſt the whole Court
Was ſo well pleas'd, and ſhew'd their wondrous joy
In ſhouting louder than the *Roman* Bands
When *Julius* and *Auguſtus* were made Conſuls.
Eſſ. Thou canſt remember too; for all ſhe ſaid was ſignal.
That at the happy time ſhe did inveſt
Her *Eſſex* with this Robe of ſhining Glories,
She bad me prize 'em as I wou'd my Life.

Defend 'em as I wou'd her Crown and Perſon:
Then a rich Sword ſhe put into my Hand,
And wiſh'd me *Cæſars* Fortune; ſo ſhe grac'd me.
South. So young *Alcides*, when he firſt wore Arms,
Did fly to kill the *Eremanthean* Boar,
And ſo *Achilles*, firſt by *Thetis* made
Immortal, haſted to the Siege of *Troy*.
Eſſ. Go thou *Southampton*; for thou art my Friend,
And ſuch a Friend's an Angel in diſtreſs;
Now the falſe Globe that flatter'd me is gone,
Thou art to me more Wealth, more recompence
Than all the World was then——Intreat the Queen
To bleſs me with a Moments ſight,
And I will lay her Reliques humbly down,
As travelling Pilgrims do before the Shrines
Of Saints they went a thouſand Leagues to viſit,
And her bright Virgin Honours all untainted,
Her Sword not ſpoil'd with ruſt, but wet with Blood,
All Nations blood that diſobey'd my Queen;
This Staff that diſciplin'd her Kingdoms once,
And triumph'd o're an hundred Victories;
And if ſhe will be pleas'd to take it, ſay
My Life, the Life of once her darling *Eſſex*.
South. I fly my Lord, and let your hopes repoſe
On the kind Zeal *Southampton* has to ſerve you. [*Exit* Southampton.
Eſſ. Where art thou *Eſſex*! where are now thy Glories!
Thy Summers Garlands, and thy Winters Lawrels,
The early Songs that ev'ry Morning wak'd thee;
Thy Halls, and Chambers throng'd with Multitudes,
More than the Temples of the *Perſian* God,
To worſhip thy upriſing, and when I appear'd,
The bluſhing Empreſs of the Eaſt, *Aurora*,
Gladded the World not half ſo much as I:
Yeſterday's Sun ſaw his great Rival thus,
The ſpiteful Plannet ſaw me thus ador'd,
And ſome tall-built Pyramid whoſe height
And golden top confronts him in his ſky,
He tumbles down with lightning in his rage;
So on a ſudden has he ſnacht my Garlands,
And with a Cloud impal'd my Gaudy Head,
Struck me with Thunder, daſht me from the Heavens,
And oh! 'tis Dooms-day now, and darkneſs all with me.
Here I'll lie down——Earth will receive her Son.
Take Pattern all by me, you that hunt Glory,
You that do climb the Rounds of high Ambition;
Yet, when y'ave reach'd, and mounted to the top,
Here you muſt come by juſt degrees at laſt,

If not fall headlong down at once like me———
Here I'll abide cloſe to my loving Center:
For here I'm ſure that I can fall no further.———

Enter the Earl of Rutland.

Ha! what makes thou here! Tell me faireſt Creature?
Why art thou ſo in love with Miſery,
To come to be infected with my Woe,
And diſobey the angry Queen for me?

C. *Eſſ.* Bleſs me my Angel, guard me from ſuch Sounds;
Is this the Language of a welcome Husband!
Are theſe fit words for *Eſſex* Bride to hear!
Bride I may truly call my ſelf, for Love
Had ſcarce beſtow'd the Bleſſing of one Night,
But ſnacht thee from theſe Arms.

Eſſ. My Soul. My Love!
Come to my Breaſt thou pureſt Excellence,
And throw thy lovely Arms about my Neck,
More ſoft, more ſweet, more loving than the Vine.
Oh! I'm o'rcome with Joy, and ſink beneath [*They embrace.*
Thy Breaſt.

C. *Eſſ.* Take me along with thee my Dear———
My *Eſſex*, wake my Love, I ſay:
I am grown jealous of each Bliſs without thee;
There's not a Dream, an Extaſie or Joy,
But I will double in thy raviſh'd Senſes.
Come let's prepare, and Mingle Souls together,
Thou ſhalt loſe nothing but a gainer be.
Mine is as full of Love as thine can be.

Eſſ. Where have I been! but yet I have thee ſtill——
Come ſit thee down upon this humble Floor,
It was was the firſt kind Throne that Love e're had.
Thus like the firſt bright Couple let's embrace,
And fanſie all around is Paradice.
It muſt be ſo; for all is Paradice
Where thou remaineſt, thou lovelier far than *Eve*.

C. *Eſſ.* And thou more brave, and nobler Perſon far,
Than the firſt Man, whom Heav'ns peculiar Care
Made for a Pattern for ingenious Nature,
Which ne'r till thee excell'd th' Original.

Eſſ. Thus when th' Almighty form'd the lovely Maid,
And ſent her to the Bower where *Adam* lay,
The firſt of Men awak'd, and ſtarting from
His moſſy flow'ry Bed whereon he ſlept,
Lifted his Eyes, and ſaw the Virgin coming,
Saw the bright Maid that glitter'd like a Star,
Stars he had ſeen, but ne'r ſaw one ſo fair.

Thus

Thus they did meet, and thus they did embrace,
Thus in the infancy of pure desire,
E're Lust, displeasures, Jealousies, and Fears
Debauch'd the World, and plagu'd the Breast of Man;
Thus in the dawn of Golden Time, when Love,
And only Love taught Lovers what to do.

C. *Ess.* O thou most dear, most priz'd of all Mankind;
I burn, I faint, I'm ravish'd with thy Love;
The Feavor is too hot,
It scorches, Flames like pure Æthæreal Fire,
And 'tis not Flesh and Blood, but Spirits can bear it,
And those the brightest of Angelick Forms.

Ess. That is thy self thy only self, thou fairest;
There's not in Heav'n so bright a Cherubim;
No Angel there but for thy Love wou'd dye;
The Thrones are all less happy there than I.

C. *Ess.* O my best Lord! the Queen, the Queen my Love!
Ah what have we committed to unlose!
The Pow'rs are angry, and have sent the Queen,
The jealous Queen of all our innocent Joys,
To drive us from our Paradice of Love;
And oh my Lord! she will not ere'e be long
Allow us this poor Plat, this Ground to mourn on.

Ess. Weep not my Soul, my Love, my infinite All——
Ah what cou'd I express if there were words
To tell how much, how tenderly my thoughts
Adore thee——Ah these Tears are drops of Blood,
Thy *Essex* Blood, my World, my Heav'n, my Bride——
I, there's the Start of all my Joys beside,
Blest that I am, that I can call thee Wife,
That loves so well, and is so well belov'd.

C. *Ess.* Ah hold my Lord, what shall I say of you,
That best deserves a Love so well you speak of.

Ess. Again thou weepest——By Heav'n there's not a Tear
But weighs more than the Wealth of *England*'s Crown,
O thou bright Storer of all Vertues, were there
But so much goodness in thy Sex beside,
It were enough to save all Woman-kind,
And keep 'em from Damnation——Still thou weepest——
Come let me kiss thy Eyes, and catch those Pearls,
Hold thy Cheeks close to mine that none may fall,
And spare me some of these Celestial Drops.
Thus as two Turtles driven by a Storm,
Dropping and weary, shelter'd on a Bough,
Begin to joyn their Melancholly voices,
Then thus they Bill, and thus renew their Joyes,

With

With quivering Wings, and Cooing Notes repeat
Their Loves, and thus like us bemoan each other.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Madam, the Queen expects you inſtantly.

C. *Eſſ.* Ah, what wou'd wiſh to be of humane kind!
Man in his Life ſcarce finds a Moments bliſs,
But counts a thouſand Pains for one ſhort pleaſure,
And when that comes 'tis ſnatch'd away like ours.

Eſſ. Go my beſt hopes, obey the cruel Queen——
I had forgot; thy Love, thy Beauties charm'd n
Dearer than *Albion* to the Saylors ſight
Whom many years bar'd from his Native Country;
Looking on thee, I gaz'd my Soul away,
And quite forgot the dangerous Wrecks below——
Farewell——Nay then thoul't ſoften me to Fondneſs——
The Queen may change, and we may meet again.

C. *Eſſ.* Farewell.

Eſſ. So have I ſeen a tall rich Ship of *India*
Of mighty Bulk teeming with golden Oar,
With proſperous Gales come ſayling nigh the ſhoar;
Her Train of Pendants born up by the Wind;
The gladſome Seas proud of the lovely weight,
Now lift her up above the sky in height,
And then as ſoon th' officious waves divide,
Hug the gay Thing, and claſp her like a Bride,
Whilſt Fiſhes play, and Dolphins gather round,
And *Trytons* with their Coral Trumpets ſound;
Till on a hidden Rock at laſt ſhe's born,
Swift as our Fate, and thus in pieces torn,

Exeunt ſeverally.

Finis Actus ſecundi.

Actus Tertius. Scœna prima.

Comteſs of Nottingham, Burleigh.

Nott. NOw famous *Cecil*, *England* owes to thee
More than *Rome's* State did once to *Cicero* pay,
That cruſh the vaſt Deſigns of *Catiline*.
But what did he? Quell'd but a petty Conſul,
And ſav'd a Common-wealth; but thou'aſt done more,
Pull'd down a haughtier far than *Catiline*,

The

The Nations ſole Dictator for Twelve years,
And ſav'd a Queen and Kingdoms by thy Wiſdom.
Burl. But what the *Roman* Senate then allow'd,
Nay, and proud *Cicero* himſelf to *Fulvia*;
Fulvia the lovely Saver of her Country,
Muſt all and more be now aſcrib'd to you,
To the ſole Wit of beauteous *Nottingham*;
But I will ceaſe and let the Nation praiſe thee,
And fix thy Statue high, as was *Minerva*'s,
The great *Paladium* that protected *Ilium*———
I came t'attend the Queen, where is ſhe gone?
Nott. She went to her Cloſet, where ſhe's now alone.
As ſhe paſt by, I ſaw her lovely Eyes
Clouded in ſorrow, and before ſhe ſpy'd me,
Sad Murmurs Eccho'd from her troubled Breaſt,
And ſtraight ſome Tears follow'd the mournful Sound,——
Which when ſhe did perceive me, ſhe'd have hid,
And with a piteous Sigh ſhe ſtrove to wipe
The drops away, but with her haſte ſhe left
Some ſad remains upon her dewy Cheeks.
Burl. What ſhould the Reaſon be!
Nott. At *Eſſex* anſwer.
Burl. What ſaid ſhe then?
No doubt th'affront had ſtung her!
But kind *Southampton*, faithful to his friend
In all things, came, and with a cunning Tale,
Which ſhe too willingly inclin'd to hear,
Turn'd her to mildneſs, and at his Requeſt,
Promis'd to ſee the Earl, and hear him ſpeak
To vindicate his Crimes, which bold *Southampton*
Declar'd to be his Enemies Aſperſions;
And now is *Eſſex* ſent for to the Court.
Nott. Then I am loſt, and my deſigns unravell'd.
If once ſhe ſees him, all's undone again———
Burl. Behold the Cloſet opens——ſee the Queen——
'Tis dangerous to interrupt her——let's Retire.
Nott. Be you not ſeen; I'le wait within her call,

Enter the Queen alone as from her Cloſet. Exit Burleigh.

Queen. Where am I now? Why wander I alone?
What drags my Body forth without a mind,
In all things like a Statue, but in motion?
There's ſomething I would ſay, but know not what,
Nor yet to whom——O wretched ſtate of Princes!
That never can enjoy, nor will to have,
What is but meanly in its ſelf a Crime,

But

But 'tis a Plague, and reigns through all the World.
Faults done by us are like licentious Laws,
Ador'd by all the Rabble, and are eaſier,
And ſooner far obey'd, than what are honeſt;
And Comets are leſs dreadful than our failings———
Where haſt thou been?
I thought dear *Nottingham*, I'de been alone.
Nott. Pardon this bold Intruſion, but my Duty
Urges me farther—— On my Knees I firſt
Beg Pardon that I am ſo bold to ask it,
Then, that you wou'd diſcloſe what 'tis afflicts you;
Something hangs heavy on your Royal Mind,
Or elſe I fear you are not well.
Quee. Riſe, pry'thee———
I am in Health, and thank thee for thy Love,
Only a little troubl'd at my People.
I have Reign'd long, and they'r grown weary of me;
New Crown's are like new Garlands, freſh and lovely;
My Royal Sun declines towards it's Weſt,
They're hot, and tyr'd beneath its Autumn Beams——
Tell me, what ſays the World of *Eſſex* coming?
Nott. Much they do blame him for't, but think him brave.
Quee. What, when the Traytor ſerv'd me thus!
Nott. Indeed, it was not well.
Quee. Not well, and was that all?
Nott. It was a very bold and hainous fault.
Quee. I, was it not? and ſuch a baſe Contempt
As he deſerves to dye for; leſs than that
Has coſt a hundred nearer Favourites Heads,
Since the firſt Saxon King that Reign'd in *England*,
And lately in my Royal Fathers time,
Was not brave *Buckingham* for leſs Condemn'd,
And loſt not *Wolſey* all his Church Revenues,
Nay, and his Life too, but that he was a Coward,
And durſt not live to feel the ſtroak of Juſtice.
Thou know'ſt it too, and this moſt vile of men,
That brave *Northumberland*, and *Weſtmerland*,
For leſſer Crimes than his were both beheaded.
Nott. Moſt true—Can *Eſſex* then be thought ſo guilty,
And not deſerve to dye?
Quee. To dye! to Wrack,
And as his Treaſons are the worſt of all Mens,
So I will have him plagu'd above the reſt,
His Limbs cut off, and plac'd to th' higheſt View,
Not on low Bridges, Gates, and Walls of Towns,
But on vaſt Pinacles that touch the Sky,
Where all that paſs, may in Deriſion ſay,

Lo there is *Eſſex*, proud ingrateful *Eſſex*,
Eſſex that brav'd the Juſtice of his Queen——
Is not that well? Why doſt not ſpeak?
And help thy Queen to rail againſt this Man.

Nott. Since you will give me leave, I will be plain,
And tell your Majeſty what all the World
Says of that proud ingrateful Man;

Quee. Do ſo. Prithee what ſays the World of him and me?

Nott. Of you they ſpeak no worſe than of dead Saints,
And worſhip you no leſs than as their God.
Than Peace, than Wealth, or their Eternal hopes;
Yet do they often wiſh with kindeſt Tears.
Sprung from the pureſt Love, that you'd be pleas'd
To heal their Grievances on *Eſſex* charg'd,
And not protect the Traytor by your Power,
But give him up to Juſtice and to Shame
For a Revenge of all your Wrongs, and theirs.

Quee. What, would they then preſcribe me Rules to Govern!

Nott. No more but with Submiſſion as to Heaven;
But upon *Eſſex* they unload Reproaches,
And give him this bad Character,
They ſay he is a Perſon (bateing his Treaſons)
That in his Nobleſt, beſt Array of parts,
He ſcarcely has enough to make him paſs
For a brave Man, nor yet a Hypocrite,
And that he wears his Greatneſs, and his Honours
Fooliſh and Proud as Lacquies wear gay Liveries:
Valiant they will admit he is, but then
Like Beaſts precipitately Raſh and Bruitiſh,
Which is no more commendable in him
Than in a Bear, a Leopard, or a Woolf.
He never yet had Courage over Fortune,
And which too ſhews his natural Pride the more,
He roars and ſtaggers under ſmall Affronts,
And can no more endure the pain than Hell;
Then He's as Covetous, and more Ambitious
Than that firſt Fiend that ſow'd the Vice in Heav'n,
And therefore was Dethron'd and Tumbl'd thence;
And ſo they wiſh that *Eſſex* too may fall.

Quee. Enough, th'aſt rail'd thy ſelf quite out of Breath;
I'le hear no more——Bliſters upon her Tongue. [*Aſide.*
'Tis baſeneſs tho' in thee but to repeat,
What the rude World maliciouſly has ſaid;
Nor dare the vileſt of the Rabble think,
Much leſs prophanely ſpeak ſuch horrid Treaſons——
Yet 'tis not what they ſay, but what you'd have 'em.

Nott. Did not your Majeſty Command me ſpeak?

Quee.

Quee. I did, but then I ſaw thee on a ſuddain,
Settle thy Senſes all in eager Poſtures,
Thy Lips, thy Speech, and Hands were all prepar'd,
A joyful Red painted thy envious Cheeks,
Malicious Flames flaſht in a moment from
Thy Eyes like Lightning from thy O'recharg'd Soul,
And fir'd thy Breaſt, which like a hard ramm'd Piece,
Diſchargd unmannerly upon my face.

Nott. Pardon bright Queen, moſt Royal and belov'd,
The manner of expreſſing of my Duty;
But you your ſelf began and taught me firſt.

Queen. I am his Queen, and therefore may have leave:
May not my ſelf have priviledge to mould
The Thing I made, and uſe it as I pleaſe?
Beſides he has committed monſtrous Crimes
Againſt my Perſon, and has urg'd me far
Beyond the power of Mortal ſuffering.
Me he has wrong'd, but thee he never wrong'd.
What has poor *Eſſex* done to thee? Thou haſt
No Crown that he cou'd hope to gain,
No Laws to break, no Subjects to moleſt,
Nor Throne that he cou'd be ambitious of——
What pleaſure cou'dſt thou take to ſee
A drowning Man knock'd on the head, and yet
Not wiſh to ſave the miſerable Wretch?

Nott. I was too blame.

Queen. No more——
Thou ſeeſt thy Queen, the World, and Deſtiny
It ſelf againſt this one bad Man, and him
Thou canſt not pitty nor excuſe.

Nott. Madam——

Queen. Begon, I do forgive thee; and bid *Rutland* [*Exit* Nottingham.
Come to me ſtraight——ha! what have I diſcloſ'd?
Why have I chid my Woman for a Fault
Which I wrung from her, and committed firſt?
Why ſtands my jealous and tormented Soul
A Spie to liſten, and divulge the Treaſons
Spoke againſt *Eſſex*?——O you mighty Powers!
Protectors of the Fame of *England's* Queen,
Let me not know it for a thouſand Worlds,
'Tis dangerous——But yet it will diſcover,
And I feel ſomething whiſpering to my Reaſon,
That ſays it is——O blotted be the Name
For ever from my Thoughts. If it be ſo,
And I am ſtung with thy Almighty Dart,
I'll die, but I will tear thee from my Heart,
Shake off this hideous Vapour from my Soul,

This haughty Earl, the Prince of my Controuls,
Baniſh this Traytor to his Queens repoſe,
And blaſt him with the malice of his Foes:
Were there no other way his guilt to prove,
'Tis Treaſon to infect the Throne with Love.

Enter Counteſs of Eſſex.

How now my *Rutland?* I did ſend for you——
I have obſerv'd you have been ſad of late.
VVhy weareſt thou black ſo long? and why that Cloud,
That mourning Cloud about thy lovely Eyes?
Come, I will find a noble Husband for thee.

C. Eſſ. Ah mighty Princeſs, moſt ador'd of Queens!
Your Royal Goodneſs ought to bluſh, when it
Deſcends to care for ſuch a wretch as I am.

Queen. VVhy ſayſt thou ſo? I love thee well, indeed
I do, and thou ſhalt find by this 'tis truth——
Injurious *Nottingham*, and I had ſome
Diſpute, and 'twas about my Lord of *Eſſex*——

C. Eſſ. Ha! [*Aſide.*

Queen. So much that ſhe diſpleas'd me ſtrangely,
And I did ſend her from my ſight in anger.

C. Eſſ. O that dear Name o'th' ſudden how it ſtarts me!
Makes every Vein within me leave its Channel,
To run, and to protect my feeble Heart;
And now my Blood as ſoon retreats again
To croud with bluſhes full my guilty Cheeks——
Alas I fear. } *Aſide.*

Queen. Thou bluſheſt at my Story!

C. Eſſ. Not I, my Gracious Miſtreſs, but my Eyes
And Cheeks fir'd and amaz'd with joy, turn'd red
At ſuch a Grace that you were pleas'd to ſhew me.

Queen. I'll tell thee then, and ask thee thy advice.
There is no doubt, dear *Rutland*, but thou hear'ſt
The daily Clamours that my People vent
Againſt the moſt unhappy Earl of *Eſſex*,
The Treaſons that they wou'd impeach him of,
And which is worſe, this day he is arriv'd
Againſt my ſtrict Commands, and left Affairs
In *Ireland* deſp'rate, headleſs, and undone.

C. Eſſ. Might I preſume to tell my humble mind,
Such Clamours very often are deſign'd
More by the Peoples Hate than my Crimes,
In thoſe they wou'd accuſe.

Queen. Thou ſpeak'ſt my ſence;
But oh dear *Rutland*, he has been too blame.——
nd me thy Breaſt to lean upon——O 'tis
heavy Yoke they wou'd impoſe on me

Their Queen and I am weary of the Load,
And want a Friend like thee to lull my Sorrows.
C. *Eſſ.* Behold theſe tears ſprung from fierce Pain and Joy,
To ſee your wond'rous Grief, your wond'rous Pitty.
O that kind Heav'n wou'd but inſtruct my thoughts,
And teach my Tongue ſuch ſoftning, healing Words,
That it might charm your Soul, and cure yor Breaſt
For ever.
Queen. Thou art my better Angel then,
And ſent to give me everlaſting quiet———
Say, is't not pitty that ſo brave a Man,
And one that once was reckon'd as a God,
That he ſhould be the Author of ſuch Treaſons
That he, that was like *Cæſar*, and ſo great,
Has had the Power to make, and unmake Kings,
Shou'd ſtoop to gain a petty Throne from me.
C. *Eſſ.* I can't believe 'tis in his Soul to think,
Much leſs to act a Treaſon againſt you,
Your Majeſty, whom I have heard him ſo
Commend, that Angels words did never flow
With ſo much Eloquence, ſo rare, ſo ſweet,
That nothing but the Subject cou'd deſerve.
Queen. Haſt thou then heard him talk of me?
C. *Eſſ.* I have,
And as of ſo much Excellence as if
He meant to make a rare Encomium on
The World, the Stars, or what is brighter, Heav'n.
She is, ſaid he, the Goddeſs of her Sex,
So far beyond all Woman-kind beſide,
That what in them is moſt ador'd, and lov'd,
Their Beauties, Parts, and other Ornaments,
Are but in her the Foyls to greater Luſtre,
And all perfections elſe, how rare ſoever,
Are in her Perſon but as leſſer Gleams,
And infinite Beams that uſher ſtill the Sun,
But ſcarce are viſible amidſt her other Brightneſs.
And then ſhe is ſo good it might be ſaid,
That whilſt ſhe lives, a Goddeſs reigns in *England*:
For all her Laws are regiſter'd in Heaven,
And copy'd thence by her——But then he cry'd,
With a deep ſigh fetch'd from his loyal Heart,
Well may the World bewail that time at laſt,
When ſo much Goodneſs ſhall on Earth be mortal,
And wretched *England* break it's ſtubborn Heart.
Queen. Did he ſay all this?
C. *Eſſ.* All this! nay more,
A thouſand times as much; I never ſaw him

But

But his diſcourſe was ſtill in praiſe of you;
Nothing but Raptures fell from *Eſſex* Tongue:
And all was ſtill the ſame, and all was you.
Queen. Such words ſpoke Loyalty enough.
C. *Eſſ.* Then does
Your Majeſty believe that he can be
A Traytor?
Queen. No, yet he has broke the Laws,
And I for ſhame no longer can protect him;
Nay, durſt not ſee him?
C. *Eſſ.* What, not ſee him ſay you!
By that bright Star of Mercy in your Soul,
And liſtening through your Eyes, let me entreat:
'Tis good, 'tis God-like, and like *Englands* Queen;
Like only her to pitty the Diſtreſs'd———
Will you not grant that he ſhall ſee you once?
Queen. What he
That did defie my abſolute Commands,
And brings himſelf audaciouſly before me!
C. *Eſſ.* Impute it not to that, but to his danger,
That hearing what proceedings here had paſt
Againſt his Credit and his Life, he comes
Loyal, tho' unadviſed, to clear himſelf.
Queen. Well, I will ſee him then, and ſee him ſtraight——
Indeed my *Rutland*, I would fain believe
That he is honeſt ſtill, as he is brave.
C. *Eſſ.* O nouriſh that moſt kind Belief, 'tis ſprung
From Juſtice in your Royal Soul——Honeſt!
By your bright Majeſty, he's faithful ſtill,
The pure and Virgin Light is leſs untainted;
The glorious Body of the Sun breeds Gnats,
And Inſects that moleſt its curious Beams;
The Moon has Spots upon her Chryſtal Face,
But in his Soul are none———And for his Valour,
The Chriſtian World records its wond'rous Story.
Baſeneſs can never mingle with ſuch Courage.
Remember what a Scourge he was to Rebels,
And made your Majeſty ador'd in *Spain*
More than their King, that brib'd you with his *Indies*
And made himſelf ſo dreadful to their Fears,
His very Name put Armies to the Rout;
It was enough to ſay here's *Eſſex* come;
And Nurſes ſtill'd their Children with the Fright.
Queen. Ha! ſhe's concern'd, Tranſported!
I'll try her further———Then he has a Perſon!
C. *Eſſ.* I, in his Perſon, there you ſum up all.
Ah Lovelieſt Queen, did you e're ſee the like?

he Limbs of *Mars*, and awful Front of *Jove*,
With ſuch a Harmony of Parts as put
To bluſh the Beauties of his Daughter *Venus*,
A Pattern for the Gods to make a perfect Man by,
And *Michael Angelo* to frame a Statue
To be ador'd through all the wond'ring World,
Queen. I can endure no more—— Hold *Rutland*,
Thy Eyes are moiſt, thy Senſes in a hurry,
Thy words come crouding one upon another.
Is it a real Paſſion, or extorted?
Is it for *Eſſex* ſake or for thy Queens,
That makes this furious Tranſport in thy mind?
She loves him——Ah, 'tis ſo——What have I done?
Conjur'd another Storm to Rack my Reſt?
Thus is my Mind with quiet never bleſt,
But like a loaded Bark finds no repoſe,
When 'tis becalm'd, nor when the Weather blows.

Enter Burleigh, *Counteſs of* Nottingham, Rawleigh, *Lords, Attendants and Guards.*

Burl. May't pleaſe your Majeſty the Earl of *Eſſex*
Return'd by your Command, intreats to kneel
Before you.
Queen. Now hold out my Treacherous Heart,
Guard well the Breach that this proud Man has made—— } *Aſide.*
Rutland, we muſt defer this Subject till
Some other time——Come hither *Nottingham.*

Enter the Earls of Eſſex *and* Southampton *Attended.*

Eſſ. Behold your *Eſſex* kneels to clear himſelf
Before his Queen, and now receive his Doom.
Queen. I muſt divert my Fears——I ſee he takes the way
To bend the ſturdy temper of my Heart——
Well my Lord, I ſee you can
Withſtand my Anger, as you lately boaſted
You did your Enemies——Were they ſuch Foes
As bravely did reſiſt, or elſe the ſame
You Parly'd with? It was a mighty Courage.
Eſſ. Well, well, you cruel Fates! well have you found
The way to ſhock the Baſis of a Temper,
That all your Malice elſe cou'd ne're invent,
And you my Queen to break your Soldiers Heart.
Thunder and Earth-quakes, Prodigies on Land
I've born, Devouring Tempeſts on the Seas,
And all the horrid ſtroaks beſide

That

That Nature e're invented; yet to me
Your ſcorn is more——Here take this Traytor,
Since you will have me ſo; throw me to Dungeons,
Laſh me with Iron Rods faſt bound in Chains,
And like a Fiend in Darkneſs let me roar,
It is the nobler Juſtice of the Two.

Queen. I ſee you want no cunning skill to talk,
And daub with words a Guilt you wou'd evade———
But yet my Lord, if you wou'd have us think
Your virtues wrong'd, waſh off the ſtain you carry,
And clear your ſelf of Parlying with the Rebels———
Grant Heav'n he does but that, and I am happy. [*Aſide.*

Eſſ. My Parlying with the Enemy?

Queen. Yes, your ſecret treating with *Tyrone* I mean,
And making Articles with *Englands* Rebels.

Eſſ. Is that alledg'd againſt me for a Fault,
Put in your Royal Breaſt by ſome that are
My falſe Accuſers for a Crime? Juſt Heav'n!
How eaſie it is to make a Great Man fall,
'Tis Wiſe, 'tis Turkiſh Policy in Courts,
For Treating!
Am I not yet your General, and was
I not ſo there by virtue of this Staff?
I thought your Majeſty had giv'n me Power,
And my Commiſſion had been abſolute
To Treat, to Fight, give Pardons, or Disband:
So much and vaſt was my Authority,
That you were pleas'd to ſay as Mirth to others,
I was the firſt of *Engliſh* Kings that Reign'd
In *Ireland.*

Queen. O how ſoon wou'd I believe,
How willingly approve of ſuch Excuſes,
His Anſwers which to all the Croud are weak——— } *Aſide.*
That large Commiſſion had in it no Power,
That gave you leave to treat with Rebels,
Such as *Tyrone*, and wanted not Authority
To Fight 'em on the leaſt Advantage.

Eſſ. The Reaſon why
I lead not forth the Army to the North,
And fought not with *Tyrone*, was, that my Men
Were half conſum'd with Fluxes and Diſeaſes,
And thoſe that liv'd, ſo weakned and unfit,
That they cou'd ſcarce defend them from the Vultures
That took 'em for the Carrion of an Army.

Queen. Oh I can hold no longer, he'll not hide his Guilt.
I fear he will undo himſelf and me——— } *Aſide.*
Name that no more for ſhame of Thee the Cauſe,

Nor

Nor hide thy Guilt by broaching of a worse;
Fain I wou'd tell, but whisper it in thy Ear,
That none besides may hear, nay not my self:
How vitious thou hast been——Say was not *Essex*
The Plague that first infected my poor Soldiers,
And kill'd 'em with Diseases? Was't not he
That loiter'd all the year without one Action,
Whilst all the Rebels in the North grew bold,
And Rally'd daily to thy Queens dishonor;
Mean while thou stood'st and saw thy Army rot
In Fenny and unwholsome Camps——Thou hast
No doubt a Just Excuse for coming too,
In spite of all the Letters that I sent
With my Commands to hinder thee—Be silent——
If thou makest more such Impudent Excuses,
Thou'lt raise an Anger will be fatal to thee.

Ess. Not speak! Must I be tortur'd on the Wrack,
And not be suffer'd to discharge a Groan?
Speak! Yes I will, were there a thousand Deaths
Stood ready to devour me; 'tis too plain
My Life's conspir'd, my Glories all betray'd:
That Vulture *Cecil* there with hungry Nostrils
Waits for my Blood, and *Rawleigh* for my Charge,
Like Birds of Prey that seeks out Fighting Fields,
And know when Battel's near: nay, and my Queen
Has past her Vote, I fear, to my Destruction.

Queen. Oh I'me undone! how he destroys my Pitty! } *Aside.*
Cou'd I bear this from any other Man?
He pulls and tears the Fury from my Heart
With greater grief and pain, than a fork'd Arrow
Is drawn from forth the Bosom where 'twas lodg'd
Mild words are all in vain, and lost upon him——
Proud and ingrateful Wretch, how durst thou say it!
Know Monster that thou hast no Friend but me,
And I have no pretence for it but one,
And that's in Contradiction to the World,
That curses and abhors thee for thy *Crimes*.
Stir me no more with Anger for thy Life,
Take heed how thou dost shake my wrongs too much,
Least they fall thick and heavy on thy Head.
Yet thou shalt see what a rash Fool thou art——
Know then that I forgive thee from this Moment
All that is past, and this unequall'd Boldness,
Give thee that Life thou saidst I did conspire against——
But for your Offices——

Ess. I throw 'em at your Feet. [*Lays his Generals Staff down.*
Now banish him that planted strength about you,

Cover'd this Island with my spreading Lawrels,
Whilst your safe Subjects slept beneath their shade.
Give 'em to Courtiers, Sycophants and Cowards,
That sell the Land for Peace and Childrens Portions,
Whilst I retreat to *Africk* in some Desart,
Sleep in a Den and Herd with valiant Brutes,
And serve the King of Beasts, there's more Reward,
More Justice there than in all Christian Courts:
The Lion spar'd the Man that freed him from
The Toil, but *Englands* Queen abhors her *Essex*.

South. My Lord———

C. *Ess.* Ah, what will be th'Event of this! [*Aside.*

Queen. Audacious Traytor.

Ess. Ha!

South. My Lord, My Lord, recall your Temper.

Ess. You said that I was bold, but now who blames
My Rage? Had I been ruff as Storms and Tempests,
Rash as *Cethegus*, mad as *Ajax* was,
Yet this has ramm'd more Powder in my Breast,
And blown a Magazeen of Fury up———
A Traytor! Yes for serving you so well;
For making *England* like the *Roman* Empire
In Great *Augustus*'s time, renoun'd in Peace
At home, and War abroad; Enriching you
With Spoils both of the wealthy Sea and Land,
More than your *Thames* does bring you in an Age,
And setting up your Fame to such a height
That it appears the Column of the World;
For tumbling down the proud Rebellious Earls,
Northumberland and *Westmerland*, which caus'd
The cutting both their Heads off with an Axe
That sav'd the Crown on yours——This *Essex* did,
And I'le remove the Traytor from your sight.

Queen. Stay Sir, take your Reward along with you——[*Offers to go*] *the Queen comes up to him and gives him a Box on the Ear.*

Ess. Ha! Furies, Death and Hell! a Blow!
Has *Essex* had a Blow!——Hold, stop my Arm *Lays Hand on his Sword.*
Some God——Who is't has giv'n it me? the Queen!

South. What do you mean my Lord?

Queen. Unhand the Villain———
Durst the vile Slave attempt to murder me?

Ess. No, Y'are my Queen, that Charms me, but by all
The subtilty, and Woman in your Sex
I Swear, that had you been a Man you durst not,
Nay, your bold Father *Harry* durst not this
Have done——Why say I him? not all the *Harry*'s,

Nor

Nor *Alexander's* ſelf were he alive,
Shou'd boaſt of ſuch a Deed on *Eſſex* done
Without Revenge.

Queen. Rail on, deſpair, and curſe thy fooliſh Breath,
I'le leave thee like thy Hopes at th'hour of Death,
Like the firſt Slayer wandering with a Mark,
Shunning the Light, and wiſhing for the Dark,
In Torments worſe than Hell, when thou ſhalt ſee
Thou haſt by this Curſt Chance loſt Heav'n and me.

Exeunt Queen, *&c. Manent* Eſſex *and* Southampton.

South. What have you done my Lord? Your haughty Carriage
Has ruin'd both your ſelf and all your Friends————
Follow the Queen, and humbly on your Knees
Implore Her Mercy, and confeſs your Fault.

Eſſ. Ha! And tell her that I'le take a Blow!
Thou wou'dſt not wiſh thy Friend were ſuch a Slave————
By Heav'n my Cheek has ſet on Fire my Soul,
And the Diſgrace ſticks clöſer to my Heart,
Than did the Son of old *Antipater's*,
Which coſt the Life of his proud Maſter——Stand off,
Beware you lay not hands upon my Ruine,
I have a Load would ſink a Legion that
Shou'd offer but to ſave me.

South. My Lord let us retire,
And ſhun this barbarous Place.

Eſſ. I, there thou ſay'ſt it————
Abhor all Courts if thou art brave and wiſe,
For then thou never ſhalt be ſure to riſe;
Think not by doing well a Fame to get,
But be a Villain, and thou ſhall be Great.
Here Virtue ſtands by't ſelf, or not at all,
Fools have Foundations, only brave Men fall,
But if ill Fate, and thy own Merits bring
Thee once to be a Favourite to a King,
It is a Curſe that follows Loyalty,
Curſt in thy Merits, more in thy Degree,
In all the ſport of Chance its chiefeſt Aim,
Mankind's the *Hunt*, a Favourite is the *Game*.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Tertii.

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Countess of Nottingham, Rawleigh.

C. *Nott.* SIR, did you ever see so strange a Scene
As *Essex* boldness? Nay and which is more
To be admir'd, the Queens prodigious Patience!
Raw. So strange, that naught but such a Miracle
Had sav'd him from Death upon the Place.
C. *Nott.* She's of a Nature wondrous in her Sex,
Not hasty to admire the Beauties, Wisdom,
Valour, and Parts in others though extream,
Because there's so much Excellence in her self,
And thinks that all Mankind should be so too;
But when once entertain'd, none cherishes,
Exalts, or favours Virtue more than she,
Slow to be mov'd, and in her Rage discreet ——
But then the Earl's like an ungovern'd Steed,
That yet has all the Shapes and other Beauties
That are commendable, or sought in one;
His Soul with sullen Beams shines in it self,
More Jealous of Mens Eyes, than is the Sun
That will not suffer to be look'd into;
And there's a Mine of Sulphur in his Breast,
Which when 'tis touch'd or heated, straight takes Fire,
And tears, and blows up all his Virtues with it.
Raw. Ambitious Minds feed daily upon Passion,
And ne're can be at rest within themselves,
Because they never meet with Slaves enough
To tread upon, Mechannicks do adore 'em,
And Lords and States-men to have Cringes from;
Like some of those strange Seas that I've been on,
Whose Tides are always Violent and Rough,
Where Winds are seldom blowing to molest 'em.
Sh'had done a Nobler Justice, if instead of
That School-boys Punishment a Blow,
Sh'had snatch'd a Holbard from her neareſt Guard,
And thrust it to his Heart; for less than that
Did the bold *Macedonian* Monarch kill
Clytus his Friend, and braver Soldier far.
C. *Nott.* But worse had been th'Event of such a Deed,
For if the afflicted King was hardly brought
From *Clytus* Body, she'd have dy'd o're his.

But

But how proceed the bold Rebellious Lords
In *Eſſex* Houſe?
Raw. Still they increaſe in number.
The Queen has ſent four of her Chiefeſt Lords,
And ſince I hear the Guards are gone. 'Tis ſaid,
For his Excuſe, that *Blunt* that Fiend of Hell,
And Brand of all his Maſters wicked Councils,
Has ſpread abroad this moſt abhorr'd of Lyes,
That I and the Lord *Gray* ſhould joyn to murder him.
C. *Nott.* Already then he's hunted to the Toil,
Where let him roar, and laſh himſelf with Fury,
But never, never ſhall get out with ſtrugling.
O it o'rejoy'd th'Affront within my Soul,
To ſee the Man by all the World ador'd,
That like a Comet ſhin'd above, and rul'd below,
To ſee him on a ſudden from our Eyes
Drop like a Star, and Vaniſh in the Ground;
To ſee him how he bit the curſed Torture
That durſt no further venture than his Lips,
When he paſs'd by the Guards to hear no Noiſe,
No Room for Mighty *Eſſex* was proclaim'd;
No Caps, no Knees, nor Welcomes to ſalute him,
Then how he Chaft, and ſtarted like a Deer
With the fierce Dart faſt ſticking in his ſide,
And finds his ſpeedy death where e're he runs!
Raw. Behold the Queen and the whole Court appear.

Enter the Queen, Burleigh, *Counteſs of* Nottingham, *Lords, Attendants and Guards.*

Queen. Are the Rebellious Earls then apprehended?
Burl. They are, thanks to the Almighty Powers,
And the Eternal Fortune of your Majeſty.
Queen. And how did you proceed with my Commands?
And how did the Rebels act?
Burl. Moſt Audaciouſly:
The Four Lords, chiefeſt of your Private Council,
Sent thither by your Majeſties Commiſſion,
Came to the Rebels Houſe, but found the Gates
Guarded and ſhut againſt them; yet at laſt
Telling they brought a Meſſage from the Queen,
They were admitted, all beſides, but him
That bore the Seal before the Chancellor
Deny'd: Entring, they ſaw the outward Court
Fill'd with a number of promiſcuous Perſons,
The chief of which bold Traytors in the midſt
Stood the two Earls of *Eſſex* and *Southampton*,

Of whom your faithful Meſſengers with loud
And loyal Voices did demand the Cauſe
Of their unjuſt Aſſembly, telling them
All real Grievances ſhou'd be redreſs'd;
But ſtraight their words were choak'd by louder Cries,
And by the Earls Command with Inſolence
The People drove 'em to a ſtrong Apartment
Belonging to the Houſe, ſetting a Guard
Of Muskets at the Door, and threatning them
That they ſhou'd there be kept cloſe Priſoners
Till the next Morning that the Earl return'd
From viſiting his Friends the Citizens.

Queen. O horrid Inſolence! Attempt my Council!
My neareſt Friends! Well *Eſſex* well,
I thank thee for the Cure of my Diſeaſe;
Thou goeſt the readieſt way to give me eaſe—— } *Aſide.*
The City ſay'ſt! What did he in the City?

Burl. There, as I learn't from many that confeſt,
He was inform'd the Citizens would riſe,
Which to promote, he went diſguis'd like one
Whom evil Fortune had bereav'd of Sence,
And almoſt ſeem'd as pitiful a Wretch
As *Harpagus*, that fled all o're diſmember'd
To fond *Aſtyages*, to gain the Truſt
Of all his *Median* Army to betray it.
His Head was bare, the Heat and Duſt had made
His Manly Face compaſſionate to behold, which he
So well did uſe, that ſometimes with a voice
That uſher'd Tears both from himſelf and them,
And ſometimes with a popular Rage he ran
With Fury through the Streets. To thoſe that ſtood
Far off he bended and made taking Signs:
To thoſe about him rais'd his voice aloud,
And humbly did beſeech 'em for a Guard,
Told 'em he was attempted to be murder'd
By ſome the Chief of th'Court, then counted all his Wounds,
Unſtrip'd his Veſt, and ſhew'd his naked Scars,
Telling them what great Wonders he had done,
And wou'd do more to ſerve 'em and their Children;
Begging ſtill louder to the ſtinking Rabble,
And ſweated too ſo many eager drops, as if
He had been pleading for *Rome*'s Conſulſhip.

Queen. How came he taken?

Burl. After he had us'd
Such ſubtil means to gain your Subjects Hearts,
(Your Citizens that ever were moſt faithful,
And too well grounded in their Loyalties

To be ſeduc'd from ſuch a Queen;) and finding
That none began to Arm in his behalf;
Fear and Confuſion of his horrid Guilt
Poſſeſt him, and deſpairing of ſucceſs,
Attempted ſtraight to walk through *Lud-gate* home,
But being reſiſted by ſome Companies
Of the Trayn'd Bands that ſtood there in Defence,
He ſoon retreated to the neareſt Stairs,
And ſo came back by Water at the Time
When your moſt Valiant Soldiers with their Leader
Enter'd his Houſe, and took *Southampton* and the Reſt.
Th'affrighted Earl Defenceleſs both in mind
And Body, without the Power to help himſelf;
And being full of Horrour in his Thoughts,
Was forc'd to run for ſhelter in the Room
Of a ſmall Summer-Houſe upon the *Thames*,
Which when the Soldiers came to ſearch, and found him;
Who then had Eyes, and did not melt for Pity!
To ſee the High, the Gallant *Eſſex* there
Trembling and Panting like the frighted Quarry
Whom the fierce Hawk had in his eager Eye.

Queen. Ha! By my Stars, I think the mournful Tale
Has almoſt made the weep——Can *Eſſex* miſeries
Then force Compaſſion from thy flinty Breaſt?
'A weeps, the Crocodile weeps o're his Prey!
How wretched and how low then art thou faln,
That ev'n thy Barbarous Hunters can neglect
Their Rage, and turn their cruel ſport to pitty!
What then muſt be my Lot? how many ſighs,
How many Griefs, Repentances and Horrours
Muſt I eternally indure for this?
Where is the Earl?

Burl. Under ſufficient Guard
In order to his ſending to the Tower.

Queen. Ha, In the Tower! How durſt they ſend him there
Without my Order?

Burl. Th'Earls are yet without
In the Lieutenants Cuſtody who waits
But to receive your Majeſties Command
To carry 'em thither.

Queen. What ſhall I do now?
Wake me thou watchful Genius of thy Queen,
Rouze me, and Arm now againſt my Foe,
Pity's my Enemy, and Love's my Foe.
And both have equally conſpir'd with *Eſſex*.
Ha! Shall I then refuſe to puniſh him?
Condemn the Slave that diſobey'd my Orders,

That brav'd me to my Face, and did attempt
To murder me, then went about to gain
My Subjects Hearts, and ſeize my Crown.
Now by my thouſand wrongs 'a dyes, dyes quickly,
And I cou'd ſtab his Heart, if I but thought
The Traytor in it to corrupt it——Away
And ſend him to the Tower with ſpeed——Yet hold. *Aſide.*

C. Nott. The Queens diſtracted how to ſave the Earl——
Her Study puts my Hatred on the Wrack. *Aſide.*

Queen. Who is it thou wou'dſt kill with ſo much haſt?
Is it not *Eſſex*? Him thou didſt create,
And crown'd his Morning with full Rays of Honours?
Whilſt he return'd 'em with whole ſprings of Lawrels,
Fought for thy Fame a hundred times in Blood,
And ventur'd twice as many Lives for thee;
And ſhall I then for one raſh act of his
Of which I was the cruel Cauſe, Condemn him? *Aſide.*

C. Nott. Her Rage ebbs out, and Pity flows apace. *Aſide.*

Queen. Do what you will my Stars, do as you pleaſe
Juſt Heav'n, and cenſure *England*'s Queen for it,
Yet *Eſſex* I muſt ſee, and then who e're thou art
That when I'me dead ſhall call this tender Fault,
This only Action of my Life in Queſtion,
Thou canſt at worſt but ſay that it was Love,
Love that does never ceaſe to be obey'd,
Love that has all my Power and ſtrength betray'd,
Love that ſways wholly like the Cauſe of things.
Kings may rule Subjects, but Love reigns o're Kings,
Sets bounds to Heav'ns high Wrath when 'tis ſevere,
And is the greateſt Bliſs and Virtue there——
Carry *Southampton* to the Tower ſtraight,
But *Eſſex* I will ſee before he goes——
Now help me Art, check ev'ry Pulſe within me,
And let me feign a Courage tho' I've none—— *Aſide.*

Enter Eſſex *with Guards.*

Behold 'a comes with ſuch a Pomp of miſery!
Greatneſs in all he ſhews, and nothing makes
Him leſs, but turns to be Majeſtick in him. *Aſide.*
All that are preſent for a while withdraw,
And leave the Priſoner here with me unguarded.

Exeunt. Manent Queen *and* Eſſex.

Eſſ. Thus, tho' I am Condemn'd and hated by you,
A Traytor by your Royal Will proclaim'd; [Eſſex *kneels.*
Thus do I bleſs my Queen, and all thoſe Powers
That have inſpir'd her with ſuch tender mercy,

A.

As once to hear her dying *Eſſex* ſpeak,
And now receive his Sentence from your Lips,
Which let it be my Life or Death, they'r both
Alike to me, from you my Royal Miſtreſs:
And thus I will receive my Doom, and wiſh
My Knees might ever till my dying Minute
Cleave to the Earth, as now they do in token of
The choiceſt, humbleſt begging of the Bleſſing.

Queen. Pray riſe my Lord. You ſee that I dare venture
To leave my ſelf without a Guard between us.

Eſſ. Faireſt that e're was *England*'s Queen, you need not——
The time has been that *Eſſex* has been thought
A Guard, and being near you, has been more
Than Crouds of Mercenary Slaves;
And is he not ſo now? O think me rather,
Think me a Traytor, if I can be ſo
Without a thought againſt your Precious Life,
But wrong me not with that: For by your ſelf,
By your bright ſelf that rules o're all my Wiſhes,
I ſwear I would not touch that Life, to be
As Great as you, the greateſt Prince on Earth;
Lightning ſhou'd blaſt me firſt,
E're I wou'd touch the Perſon of my Queen,
Leſs gentle than the Breeze.

Queen. Oh y'are become a wondrous Penitent
My Lord, the time has been you were not ſo:
Then you were haughty, and becauſe you urg'd me,
Urg'd me beyond the ſuffering of a Saint,
To ſtrike you, which a King wou'd have obey'd;
Then ſtraight your Malice led you to the City,
Tempting my Loyal Subjects to Rebel,
Laying a Plot how to ſurprize the Court,
Then ſeize my Perſon with my chiefeſt Council
To Murder them, and I to beg your Mercy;
This, this the wond'rous Faithful *Eſſex* did,
Thou whom I rais'd from the vile Duſt of man,
And plac'd thee as a Jewel in my Crown,
And bought thee dearly for my Favour, at the rate
Of all my Peoples Grievances and Curſes,
Yet thou didſt this, ingrateful Monſter, this
And all, for which as ſurely thou ſhalt dye,
Dye like the fouleſt and the worſt Ingrate;
But Fetters now have humbled you I ſee.

Eſſ. O hear me ſpeak moſt injur'd Majeſty,
Brighteſt of Queens, Goddeſs of Mercy too,
Oh think not that the Fear of Death or Priſons
Can e're diſturb a Heart like mine, or make it

More Guilty, or more ſenſible of Guilt.
All that y'are pleas'd to ſay, I now confeſs,
Confeſs my Miſery, my Crime, my ſhame;
Yet neither Death nor Hell ſhou'd make me own it,
But true Remorſe and duty to your ſelf,
And Love——I dare ſtand Candidate with Heav'n,
Who loves you moſt and pureſt.

Queen. Now he awakes me,
And all my Faculties begin to liſten,
Steal to my Eyes, and tread ſoft paces to
My Ears as loth to be diſcover'd, yet
As loth to loſe the Syrens Charming Song. *Aſide.*
Help me a little now my cautious Angel.——
I muſt confeſs I formerly believ'd ſo,
And I acknowledg'd it by my Rewards.

Eſſ. You have, but oh what has my Raſhneſs done!
And what has not my Guilt condemn'd me to!
Seated I was in Heav'n, where once that Angel,
That haughty Spirit Reign'd that tempted me,
But now thrown down, like him, to worſe than Hell.

Queen. I, think on that, and like that Fiend roar ſtill
In Torments, when thou may'ſt have been moſt happy——
There I out-did my ſtrength, and feel my Rage
Recoyl upon me, like a fooliſh Child
Who firing of a Gun as much as he can lift, *Aſide.*
Is blaſted with the fury of the Blow.

Eſſ. Moſt bleſt of Queens! her Doom, her very Anger's kind,
And I will ſuffer it as willingly
As your loud wrongs inſtruct you to inflict.
I know my Death is nigh, my Enemies
Stand like a Guard of Furies ready by you
To intercept each Sigh, kind Wiſh, or Pity,
E're it can reach to Heav'n in my Defence,
And Daſh it with a Cloud of Accuſations.

Queen. Ha! I begin to dread the Danger nigh,
Like an unskilful Swimmer that has waded
Beyond his Depth, I'm caught, and almoſt drown'd, *Aſide.*
In Pity——What! And no one near to help me!

Eſſ. My Father once too truly ſkill'd in Fate,
In my firſt blooming Age to rip'ning Glory,
Bid me beware my Six and Thirtieth year,
That year ſaid he will fatal to thee prove,
Something like Death, or worſe than Death will ſeize thee.
Too well I find that cruel Time's at hand,
For what can e're more fatal to me prove,
Than my loſt Fame, and loſing of my Queen.

Queen. 'Tis ſo, 'tis true, nor is it in my Power
To help him——Ha! Why is it not? What hinders!
Who dares, or thinks to contradict my Will!
Is it my Subjects or my Virtue ſtays me?
No, Virtue's patient and abhors Revenge,
Nay, ſometimes weeps at Juſtice——'Tis not Love——
Ah call it any thing but that; 'tis Mercy,
Mercy that pities Foes when in diſtreſs,
Mercy the Heav'ns Delights——
My Lord I fear your hot-ſpur Violence
Has brought you to the very brink of Fate,
And 'tis not in my Power if I'd the will,
To ſave you from the Sentence of the Law.
The Lords that are to be your equal Judges,
The Houſe has choſe already, and to morrow,
So ſoon your Tryal is to be. The People
Cry loud for Juſtice; therefore I'le no more
Repeat my Wrongs, but think you are the man
That once was Loyal. *Aſide.*

Eſſ. Once!——

Queen. Hold——For that Reaſon I will not upbraid you;
To Triumph o're a miſerable man
Is baſe in any, in a Queen far worſe——
Speak now my Lord, and think what's in my Power
That may not wrong your Queen, and I will grant you——
So——I am ſure in this I have not err'd. [*Aſide.*

Eſſ. Bleſt be my Queen in Mercy rich as Heav'n——
Now, now my Chains are light——Come welcome Death,
Come all you Spirits of Immortality,
And waft my Soul unto his bright abode,
That gives my Queen this Goodneſs: Let me then
Moſt humbly and devoutly ask two things,
The Firſt is, if I am Condemn'd,
That Execution may be done within
The Tower Walls, and ſo I may not ſuffer
Upon a publick Scaffold to the World.

Queen. I Grant it—O, and wiſh I cou'd do more. [*Aſide.*

Eſſ. Eternal Bleſſings Crown your Royal Head,
The next, the extreameſt Bliſs my Soul can covet
And carry with it to the other World,
As a firm Paſport to the Powers incens'd,
Say you have Pardon'd me, and have forgot
The Rage, the Guilt, and folly of your *Eſſex.*

Queen. Ha! What ſhall I do now? *Aſide.*
Look to thy ſelf, and Guard thy Character——
Go cure your Fame, and make your ſelf but what I wiſh you.
Then you ſhall find that I am ſtill your Queen——

But that you may not see I'm Covetous
Of my Forgiveness, take it from my Heart;
I freely Pardon now what e're y'ave done
Amiss to me, and hope you will be quitted;
Nay, I not only hope it, but shall Pray for it,
My Prayers to Heav'n shall be that you may clear
Your self.

Ess. O most Renown'd and God-like Mercy!
O let me go, your goodness is too bright
For sinful Eyes like mine, or like the Fiend
Of Hell, when dasht from the Aetherial Light,
I shall shoot downwards with my weight of Curses,
Cleave and be chain'd for ever to the Center.——

Queen. He is going, I, but whither? To his Tryal,
To be Condemn'd perhaps, and then to dye;
If so, what Mercy hast thou shew'd in that!
Pity and Pardon! Poor Amends for Life!
If those be well, a Crocodile is blameless
That weeps for Pity, yet devours his Prey,
And dare not I do more for *Essex*, I — *Aside.*
That am a Woman, and in Woman-kind
Pity's their Nature; therefore I'm resolv'd
It shall be in's own Power to save his Life.
If I shall sin in this, Witness just Heav'n
'Tis Mercy like your selves that draws me to't,
And you'l forgive me, tho' the World may not——
My Lord, perhaps we ne're may meet again,
And you in Person may not have the Power
T'implore what I too freely grant you, therefore
That you may see you have not barely sore'd
An empty Pity from me, here's a Pledge,
I give it from my Finger with this Promise,
That whensoever you return this Ring, [*Gives him a Ring.*
To Grant in lieu of it what e're you ask.

Ess. Thus I receive it with far greater Joy [*Receives it on his knees.*
Than the poor Remnant of Mankind that saw
The Rain-bow Token in the Heav'ns, when straight
The Floods abated, and the Hills appear'd,
And a new smiling World the Waves brought forth.

Queen. No more, be gon, fly with thy safety hence,
Least horrid, dread Repentance seize my Soul,
And I recall this strange misdeed——Here take [*Enter the rest with*
Your Prisoner, there he is, to be condemn'd *the Guards.*]
Or quitted by the Law——Away with him. [*Exeunt Guard with*
Now *Nottingham*, thy Queen is now at rest, *the Earl.*]
And *Essex* Fate is now my least of Troubles.

Enter

Enter Counteſs of Eſſex *running and Weeping, then kneels before the* Queen, *and holds her by her Robe.*

C. *Eſſ.* Where is my Queen? Where is my Royal Miſtreſs?———
I throw my ſelf for mercy here.

Queen. What meanſt thou?

C. *Eſſ.* Here I will kneel, here with my humble Body
Faſt rooted to the Earth as I'm to ſorrow,
No moiſture but my Tears to nouriſh me,
Nor Air but ſighs, till I ſhall grow at laſt
Like a poor ſhrivell'd Trunk blaſted with Age
And Grief, and never think to riſe again
Till I've obtain'd the Mercy I implore.

Queen. Thou doſt amaze me.

C. *Eſſ.* Here let me grow the Abject'ſt thing on Earth,
A deſpis'd Plant beneath the mighty Cedar;
Yet if you will not pity me, I ſwear
Theſe Arms ſhall never ceaſe, but graſping ſtill
Your Royal Robe, ſhall hold you thus for ever.

Queen. Prythee be quick, and tell me what thou'dſt have.

C. *Eſſ.* I dare not, yet I muſt——My Silence will
Be Death, my Puniſhment can be no more.
Prepare to hear, but learn to pity firſt,
For 'tis a Story that will ſtart your Patience.———
O ſave the Earl of *Eſſex*, ſave his Life,
My Lord whom you've condemn'd to Priſons ſtraight,
And ſave my Life, who am no longer *Rutland*,
But *Eſſex* faithful Wife———He is my Husband.

Queen. Thy Husband!

C. *Eſſ.* Yes, too true it is I fear,
By th'awful darting Fury in your Eyes,
The threatning Prologue of our utter Ruines.
Marry'd we were in ſecret e're my Lord
Was ſent by you t'his fatal Government
In *Ireland*.

Queen. Then thou art wedded to thy Grave———
Doſt think by this, in multiplying Treaſons,
And boldly braving me with them before
My Face, to ſave thy wicked Husband's Life?
What will my reſtleſs Fate do with me now! [*Aſide.*
Why doſt thou hold me ſo? take off thy hands.

C. *Eſſ.* Alas, I ask not mine; if that will pleaſe you
I'll glut you with my Torments; act what e're
Your Fury can invent; but 'tis for him,
My Lord, my Love, the Soul of my Deſires.
My Love's not like the common Rate of Womens,

It is a *Phœnix*, there's not one such more:
How gladly would I burn like that rare Bird,
So that the Ashes of my Heart cou'd purchase
Poor *Essex* Life and Favour of my Princess.
Queen. Wou'd I were loose 'mong Wilds, or any where
In any Hell but this——Why say I Hell?
Can there be melting Lead, or Sulphur yet
To add more Pain to what my Breast indures?
Why dost thou hang on me, and tempt me still? *Aside.*
C. *Ess.* O throw me not away——Wou'd you but please
To feel my throbbing Breast, you might perceive,
At ev'ry name, and very thought of *Essex.*
How my Blood starts, and Pulses beat for fear,
And shake and tear my Body like an Earth-quake,
And ah, which cannot choose but stir your Heart
The more to pity me, th'unhappy frighted Infant,
The tender Off-spring of our guilty Joys,
Pleads for its Father in the very Womb,
As now its wretched Mother does.
Queen. Quickly
Unloose her Hands, and take her from my sight.
C. *Ess.* O you will not——you'l hear me first, and grant me,
Grant me poor *Essex* Life——Shall *Essex* live?
Say, but you'l pardon him before I go?
Queen. Help me——Will no one ease me of this Burthen?
C. *Ess.* Oh I'm too weak for these inhumane Creatures, [*The Women take off her hold.*
My Strengths decay'd, my Joynts and Fingers num'd,
And can no longer hold, but fall I must.
Thus like a miserable Wretch that thinks
Has 'scap'd from drowning, holding on a Rock
With fear and Pain, and his own weight oppress,
And dasht by ev'ry Wave that shrinks his hold,
At length lets go, and drops into the Sea, [*She falls down with faintness.*]
And cryes for help, but all in vain like me.
Queen. Be gone, and be deliver'd of thy shame.
Let the vile Insect live, and grow to be
A Monster baser, hotter, worser far
Than the ingrateful Parents that begot it.
C. *Ess.* A cruel most remorseless Princess hold,
What has it done to draw such Curses from you!
Queen. Go, let her be close Prisoner in her Chamber.
C. *Ess.* Since I must go, and from my *Essex* part,
Despair and Death at once come seize my Heart;
Shut me from Light, from Day ne're to be seen,
By humane kind, nor my more cruel Queen;
Yet bless her Heav'n, and hear my Loyal Prayer,
May you ne're Love like me, nor ne'r despair,

Ne're

Ne're ſee the Man at his departing Breath
Whom you ſo love, and fain wou'd ſave from Death;
Leaſt Heav'n be deaf as you are to my Cry,
And you run mad, and be as curſt as I. [*Exit C.* Eſſex, *carried away by Women.*

Queen. She's gone, but at her parting ſhot a truth
Into my Breaſt, has pierc't my Soul,———
Why was I Queen? And why was I not *Rutland*?
Then had my Princeſs, as my ſelf did now,
Giv'n *Eſſex* ſuch a Ring, and the Reward
Had then been mine, as now the Torment is———
O wretched State of Monarchs! theirs is ſtill
The Buſineſs of the World, and all the Pains,
Whilſt happy Subjects ſleeps beneath their Gains;
The meaneſt Hind rules in his humble Houſe,
And nothing but the Day ſees what he does,
But Princes, like the Queen of Night ſo high,
Their Sports are ſeen by every Vulgar Eye;
And as the Sun, the Planets glorious King,
Gives Life and Growth to every Mortal thing,
And by his Motion all the World is bleſt,
Whilſt he himſelf can never be at Reſt;
So if there are ſuch Bleſſings in a Throne,
Kings Raign 'em down, while they themſelves have none.

Exeunt Omnes.

Finis Actus Quarti.

Actus Quintus. Scœna prima.

Sir Walter Rawleigh *with the Queens Guards,*
The Lieutenant of the Tower.

Raw. MR. *Lieutenant*, here expires my Charge;
I receiv'd Orders from Her Majeſty,
And the Lord Steward to return the Priſoners
Safe in your Cuſtody, and with you I leave 'em,
With charge to have 'em in a readineſs,
For Execution will be very ſpeedy.

Lieut. I ſhall Sir.

Enter the Counteſs of Nottingham.

Raw. Ha! The Lady *Nottingham*!
What makes her here?

Nott.

Nott. Where is my Lord of *Essex*?
I am commanded straight to speak with him,
And bring a Message from her Majesty.
Raw. Madam,
What News can this strange Visit bring?
How fares the Queen? Are her Resolves yet stedfast?
Nott. No, when she heard that *Essex* was Condemn'd,
She started and look'd pale, then blushing red,
And said that Execution should be straight,
Then stopt, and said she'd hear first from the Earl:
So she retir'd and past an hour in Thought,
None daring t'interrupt her till in haste
She sent for me, Commanding me to go
And tell my Lord from her, she cou'd resist
No longer her Subjects loud demands for Justice,
And therefore wisht if he had any Reasons
That were of weight to stay his Execution,
That he wou'd send 'em straight by me; then blush'd
Again, and sigh'd, and press'd my hand,
And pray'd me to be secret, and deliver
What *Essex* shou'd return in answer to her.
Raw. I know not what she means, but doubt th'Event;——
You can tell best the cause of her disturbance.
I will to *Burleigh*, and then both of us
Will make Attempts to recollect the Queen.
Exit Rawleigh *and Guards.*
Nott. Pray bring me to my Lord.
Lieut. Madam, I will acquaint him that y'are here. *Exit* Lieut.
Nott. Now Dragons Blood distil through all my Veins,
And Gaul instead of Milk swell up my breasts,
That nothing of the Woman may appear,
But horrid Cruelty, and fierce Revenge———

Enter Essex.

He comes with such a Gallantry and Port,
As if his Miseries were Harbingers,
And Death the State to set his Person out——
Wrongs less than Mine, though in a Tyger's Breast,
Might now be reconcil'd to such an Object;
But slighted Love my Sex can ne're forget.
Ess. Madam, this is a Miracle of Favour,
A double goodness in my Royal Mistress,
T'imploy the fair, the lustful *Nottingham*,
And 'tis no less in you to condescend
To see a wretch like me that has deserv'd
No favour at your hands.

Nott.

Nott. No more my Lord, the Queen,
The gracious Queen commends her Pity to you,
Pity by me that owe a great deal more
You know, and wiſh that I were once your Queen,
To give you what my heart has had ſo long in ſtore.
Eſſ. Then has my Death more Charms than Life can promiſe,
Since my Queen pities me, and you forgive me.
Nott. Hold good my Lord, that is not all, ſhe ſends
To know if you can any thing propoſe
To mitigate your Doom, and ſtay your Death,
Which elſe can be no longer than this Day.
Next if y'are ſatisfy'd with ev'ry paſſage
In your late Tryal, if 'twere fair and legal,
And if y'ave thoſe Exceptions that are real
She'll anſwer them?
Eſſ. Still is my Death more welcom,
And Life wou'd be a burthen to my Soul,
Since I can ne'er requite ſuch Royal Goodneſs.
Tell her then fair and charitable Meſſenger,
That *Eſſex* does acknowledge every Crime,
His Guilt unworthy of ſuch wond'rous Mercy,
Thanks her bright Juſtice, and the Lords his Judges,
For all was Gracious and Divine like her;
And I have now no Injuſtice to accuſe,
Nor Enemy to blame that was the Cauſe,
Nor Innocence to ſave me but the Queen.
Nott. Ha is this true! How he undoes my Hopes! [*Aſide.*
And is that all? have you not one Requeſt
To ask, that you can think the Queen will grant you?
Eſſ. I have, and humbly 'tis that ſhe wou'd pleaſe
To ſpare my Life; not that I fear to dye,
But in ſubmiſſion to her Heav'nly Juſtice.
I own my Life a forfeit to her Power,
And therefore ought to beg it of her Mercy,
Nott. If this be real, my Revenge is loſt. [*Aſide.*
Is there naught elſe that you rely upon,
Only ſubmitting to the Queens meer Mercy,
And barely asking her ſo great a Grace?
Have you no other hopes?
Eſſ. Some Hopes I have.
Nott. What are they, pray my Lord? declare 'em boldly,
For to that only purpoſe I am ſent.
Eſſ. Then I am happy, happieſt of mankind,
Bleſt in the rareſt mercy of my Queen,
And ſuch a Friend as you, bleſt in you both;
The Extaſie will let me hold no longer——
Behold this Ring the Paſport of my Life;

At last y'ave pull'd the secret from my Heart.
This precious token——
Amidst my former Triumphs in her favour
She took from off her Finger, and bestow'd
On me —— Mark, with the Promise of a Queen,
Of her bright self less failing than an Oracle,
That in what Exigence or State so'ere
My Life was in, that time when I gave back,
Or shou'd return this Ring again to her,
She'd then deny me nothing I cou'd ask.

Nott. O give it me my Lord, and quickly let
Me bear it to the Queen, and ask your Life.

Ess. Hold generous Madam, I receiv'd it on
My Knees, and on my Knees I will restore it. [*Kneels and gives* Nottingham the *Ring.*
Here take it, but consider what you take:
'Tis the Life, Blood, and very Soul of *Essex.*
I've heard that by a skilful Artist's Hand,
The Bowels of a wretch were taken out,
And yet he liv'd; you are that gallant Artist,
O touch it as you wou'd the Seals of Life,
And give it to my Royal Mistress Hand,
As you wou'd pour my Blood back in its empty Channels,
That gape and thirst like Fishes on the Ouse
When Streams run dry, and their own Element
Forsakes 'em; if this shou'd in the least miscarry,
My Life's the purchase that the Queen will have for't.

Nott. Doubt you my care my Lord? I hope you do not.

Ess. I will no more suspect my Fate, nor you:
Such Beauty, and such Merits must prevail.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. The Earl of *Southampton* having leave,
Desires to speak with you my Lord.

Nott. Repose
Your mind, and take no thought but to be happy;
I'll send you Tidings of a lasting Life.

Ess. A longer and much happier Life attend
Both my good Queen and you. [*Exit* Essex.

Nott. Farewel my Lord——
Yes, a much longer Life than thine I hope,
And if thou chance to dream of such strange things,
Let it be there where lying Poets feign
Elysium is, where Myrtles lovely spread,
Trees of delicious Fruit invite the Taste,
And sweet *Arabian* Plants delight the Smell,
Where pleasant Gardens drest with curious care

By Lovers Ghoſts, ſhall recreate thy Fancy,
And there perhaps thou ſoon ſhalt meet again
With amorous *Rutland*, for ſhe cannot chooſe
But be Romantick now, and follow thee——

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Wom. Madam, the Queen.
Nott. Ha! that's unlucky——She come to the Tower!
Yet 'tis no matter; ſee him I am ſure
She will not, or at worſt will be perſwaded.

Enter the Queen.

Queen. How now dear *Nottingham*, haſt ſeen the Earl?
I left *White-hall*, becauſe I cou'd not reſt
For Crowds that hollow'd for their Executions,
And others that Petition'd for the Traytors.
Quick, tell me, haſt thou done as I commanded?
Nott. Yes Madam, I have ſeen and ſpoke with him.
Queen. And what has he ſaid to thee for himſelf?
Nott. At my firſt converſe with him I did find him
Not totally deſpairing, nor complaining;
But yet a haughty Melancholy
Appear'd in all his Looks, that ſhew'd him rather
Like one that had more Care
Of future Life than this.
Queen. Well, but what ſaid he,
When thou awakeſt him with the hopes of Pity?
Nott. To my firſt Queſtion put by your Command,
Which was to know if he were ſatisfied
In the proceedings of his Lawful Tryal,
He anſwer'd with a careleſs Tone and Geſture,
That it was true, and he muſt needs confeſs
His Tryal lookt moſt fair to all the World;
But yet he too well knew,
The Law that made his Actions Treaſon,
Conſulted but with Foes and Circumſtances,
And never took from Heav'n or *Eſſex* Thoughts
A Preſident or Cauſe that might condemn him,
For if they had the leaſt been read in either,
They wou'd have quickly found his Innocence.
Queen. Ha!
Nott. That was but the Prologue, mark what follows.
Queen. What, durſt he be ſo bold to brand my Juſtice!
Nott. I pray'd that he would urge that Sence no more,
But ſince he was condemn'd and ſtood in need

Of Mercy, to implore it of your Majesty,
And beg his Life which you wou'd not deny;
For to that End I said that you were pleas'd
To send me to him, and then told him all,
Nay more than you commanded me to say.

Queen. What said he then? That alter'd him I hope.

Nott. No, not at all, but as I have seen a Lyon
That has been play'd withall with gentle stroaks,
Has at the last been jested into Madness;
So on a sudden started into Passion
The furious Earl, his Eyes grew fiery red,
His words precipitate, and speech disorder'd;
Let the Queen have my Blood, said he, 'tis that
She longs for, pour it to my Foes to drink,
As Hunters when the Quarry is run down,
Throw to the Hounds his Intrails for Reward.
I have enough to spare, but by the Heav'ns
I swear, were all my Veins like Rivers full,
And if my Body held a Sea of Blood,
I'de loose it all to the last innocent drop,
Before I'de like a Villain beg my Life.

Queen. Hold *Nottingham*, and say th'art not in earnest——
Can this be true, so impudent a Traytor!

Nott. That's but the Gloss, the Colour of his Treason,
But after he did paint himself to th' Life.
Wou'd the Queen, said he, have me own a Treason,
Impose upon my self a Crime, the Law
Has found me guilty of by her Command;
And so by asking of my Forfeit Life,
Clear and proclaim her Justice to the World,
And stain my self for ever; no I'll dy first.

Queen. Enough, I'll hear no more, you wrong him, tis
Impossible he shou'd be such a Devil.

Nott. Madam I've done.

Queen. I prithee pardon me——
But cou'd he say all this!

Nott. He did, and more;
But 'tis no matter, 'twill not be believ'd
If I should tell the half of what he utter'd,
How insolent, and how profane he us'd you.

Queen. You need not, I had rather
Believe it all than put you to the trouble
To tell it o'er again, and me to hear it.
Then I am lost, betray'd by this false Man,
My Courage, Power, my Pity all betray'd,
And like that Gyant, Patriarch of the Jews,
Bereft at once both of his sight and strength

By Treacherous Foes, I wander in the dark,
By *Eſſex* weakened, and by *Eſſex* blinded;
But then as he pray'd that his ſtrength might grow,
At once to be reveng'd on them and dye,
So grant me Heav'n but ſo much Reſolution } *Aſide.*
To grope my way where I may lay but hold
On whatſoe'er this huge *Coloſſus* ſtands,
I'll pull the Scaffold down down, tho o'er my Head,
And looſe my Life to be reveng'd on his———
Well *Nottingham*, I have but one word more,
Talkt not this wicked Creature of no Reaſon,
No Obligation that I had to ſave
His Life?

Nott. No, but far worſe than I have told you.

Queen. Sure thou art moſt unhappy in ill News!
No promiſe, nor no token did he ſpeak of?

Nott. Not the leaſt word, and if there are ſuch things,
I do ſuppoſe he keeps 'em to himſelf
For Reaſons that I know not.

Queen. 'Tis moſt falſe,
He needs muſt tell thee all, and thou betray'ſt him.

Nott. Your Majeſty does me wrong———

Queen. Hear me———
Oh I can hold no longer——Say, ſent he
No Ring, no Token, nor no Meſſage by thee?

Nott. Not any on the forfeit of my Life.

Queen. Thou lyeſt—— Can Earth produce ſo vile a Creature!—
Hence from my ſight, and ſee my Face no more——
Yet tarry *Nottingham*——Come back again.
This may be true, and I am ſtill the Wretch [*Aſide.*
To blame and to be pity'd——Prithee pardon me;
Forget my Rage, thy Queen is ſorry for't.

Nott. I wou'd your Majeſty in ſtead of me,
Had ſent a Perſon that you cou'd confide in,
Or elſe that you wou'd ſee the Earl your ſelf.

Queen. Prithee no more; Go to him!
No, but I'll ſend a Meſſage for his Head.
His Head's the token that my wrongs require,
And his baſe blood the ſtream to quench my Fury.——
Prithee invent: for thou art wondrous witty
At ſuch inventions; teach my feeble Malice
How to torment him with a thouſand Deaths,
Or what is worſe than Death——Speak, my *Medea*,
And thou wilt then oblige thy Queen for ever.

Nott. Firſt Sign an Order for his Execution.

Queen. Say, it is done, but how to torture him!

Nott. Then as the Lords are carrying to the Block,
Condoling both their ſad Misfortunes,
Which to departing Souls is ſome delight,
Order a Pardon for *Southampton*'s Life,
It will be worſe than Hell to *Eſſex* Soul
Where 'tis a going, to ſee his Friend ſnatcht from him,
And make him curſe his ſo much Pride and Folly
That loſt his own Life, in exchange for his.

Queen. That was well thought on!

Nott. This is but the leaſt.
The next will be a fatal ſtroak, a blow indeed,
A thouſand Heads to looſe is not ſo dreadful.
Let *Rutland* ſee him at the very Moment
Of her expiring Husband; ſhe will hang
Worſe than his Guilt upon him, lure his Mind,
And pull it back to Earth again; double
All the fierce Pangs of Thought and Death upon him,
And make his loaded Spirits ſink to Hell.

Queen. O th'art the *Machiavel* of all the Sex,
Thou braveſt, moſt heroick for Invention!
Come, let's diſpatch———

Enter Burleigh, Rawleigh, *Lords, Attendants, and Guards.*

My Lords, ſee Execution done on *Eſſex*;
But for *Southampton*, I will pardon him;
His Crimes he may repent of; they were not
So great, but done in friendſhip to the other.
Act my Commands with ſpeed, that both of us
May ſtraight be out of Torment——My Lord *Burleigh*,
And you Sir *Walter Rawleigh* ſee't perform'd;
I'll not return till you have brought the News.
[*Exeunt* Queen *and* Nottingham.

Raw. I wou'd ſhe were a hundred Leagues from hence,
Well, and the Crown upon her Head; I fear
She'll not continue in this mind a Moment.

Burl. Then't ſhall be done this Moment——Who attends?
Bid the Lieutenant have his Priſoners ready. [*Exit Officer.*
Now we may hope to ſee fair days again
In *England*, when this hov'ring Cloud is van ſhit,
Which hung ſo long betwixt our Royal Sun
And us, but ſoon will viſit us with ſmiles,
And raiſe her drooping Subjects Hearts———

Enter the two Earls, the Lieutenant and Guards.

My Lord,
We bring an Order for your Execution,
And hope you are prepar'd; for you muſt dye
This very hour.

South.

South. Indeed the time is ſudden!——

Eſſ. Is Death th' Event of all my flatter'd Hopes!
Falſe Sex, and Queen more perjur'd than them all!——
But dye I will without the leaſt Complaint,
My Soul ſhall vaniſh ſilent as the Dew
Attracted by the Sun from verdent Fields,
And leaves of weeping Flowers——Come my dear Friend,
Partner in Fate, give me thy Body in
Theſe faithful Arms, and O now let me tell thee
And you, my Lords, and Heav'n's my Witneſs too,
I have no weight, no heavineſs on my Soul,
But that I've loſt my deareſt Friend his Life.

South. And I proteſt by the ſame Powers Divine,
And to the World, 'tis all my happineſs,
The greateſt Bliſs my Mind yet e'er enjoy'd,
Since we muſt dye my Lord, to dye together.

Burl. The *Queen*, my Lord *Southampton*, has been pleas'd
To grant particular Mercy to your Perſon;
And has by us ſent you a Reprieve from Death,
With Pardon of your Treaſons, and commands
You to depart immediatly from hence.

South. O my unguarded Soul! Sure never was
A man with mercy wounded ſo before.

Eſſ. Then I am looſe to ſteer my wandring Voyage,
Like a glad Veſſel that has long been croſt,
And bound by adverſe Winds, at laſt gets liberty,
And joyfully makes all the Sail ſhe can
To reach its wiſh'd for Port——Angels protect
The Queen; for her my chiefeſt Prayers ſhall be,
That as in time ſh'as ſpar'd my Noble Friend,
And owns his Crimes worth Mercy, may ſhe ne'er
Think ſo of me too late when I am dead——
Again *Southampton*, let me hold thee faſt,
For 'tis my laſt Embrace.

South. O be leſs kind my Friend, or move leſs pity,
Or I ſhall ſink beneath the weight of Sadneſs;
Witneſs the Joy I have in Life to part
With you; witneſs theſe Womans Throbs and Tears;
I weep that I am doom'd to live without you,
And ſhou'd have ſmil'd to ſhare the Death of *Eſſex*.

Eſſ. O ſpare this tenderneſs for one that needs it,
For her that I'll commit to all that I
Can claim of my *Southampton*——O my Wife!
Methinks that very name ſhou'd ſtop thy Pity,
And make thee covetous of all as loſt
That is not meant to her——Be a kind Friend
To her as we have been to one another;

Name not the dying *Eſſex* to thy Queen
Leaſt it ſhou'd coſt a Tear, nor ne'er offend her.
South. O ſtay my Lord, let me have one word more,
One laſt farewel before the greedy Axe
Shall part my Friend, my only Friend from me,
And *Eſſex* from himſelf——I know not what
Are call'd the Pangs of Death, but ſure I am
I feel an Agony that's worſe than Death————
Farewell.
Eſſ. Why that's well ſaid—Farewell to thee——
Then let us part, juſt like two Travellers
Take diſtant Paths, only this difference is,
Thine is the longeſt, mine the ſhorteſt way——
Now let me go——If there's a Throne in Heaven
For the moſt brave of Men, and beſt of Friends,
I will beſpeak it for *Southampton.*
South. And I, while I have Life will hoard thy Memory;
When I am dead, we then ſhall meet again.
Eſſ. Till then Farewell.
South. Till then Farewell.
Eſſ. Now on my Lords, and execute your office—— *Exit* South,

Enter Counteſs of Eſſex *and Women.*

My Wife! Nay then my Stars will ne'er have done.
Malicious Planets reign, I'll bear it all
To your laſt drop of Venom on my Head——
Why cruel lovely Creature doſt thou come
To add to ſorrow if 't be poſſible:
A Figure more lamenting? Why this kindneſs,
This killing kindneſs now at ſuch a time.
To add more Woes to thine and my misfortunes.
C. Eſſ. The Queen my Lord has been ſo merciful,
Or cruel, name it as you pleaſe, to let
Me ſee my *Eſſex* ere he dies.
Eſſ. Has ſhe?
Then let's improve this very little Time
Our niggard Fate allows us: For w'are owing
To this ſhort ſpace all the dear love we had
In ſtore for many happy promis'd years.
C. Eſſ. What hinders then but that we ſhou'd be happy,
Whileſt others live long years, and ſip, and taſte,
Like Niggards of their Loves, we'll take whole Draughts.
Eſſ. Then let's embrace in Extaſies and Joyes,
Drink all our Honey up in one ſhort moment,
That ſhou'd have ſerv'd us for our Winter-ſtore,
Be laviſh, and profuſe like wanton Heirs

That

That waste their whole Estates at once,
For the kind Queen takes Care and has ordain'd
That we shall never live to want.
Burl. My Lord,
Prepare, the very utmost tim's at hand,
And we must straight perform the Queens Command
In leading you to Justice.
C. *Ess.* Hold good *Lucifer.*
Be kind a little, and defer Damnation,
Thou canst not think how I will worship thee,
No *Indian* shall adore thee as I will,
Thou shalt have Martyrs, and whole Heccatombs
Of slaughter'd Innocents to suck their Blood,
Widows Estates, and Orphans without number,
Mannors and Parks more than thy Lust requires,
Till thou shalt dye and leave a Kings Estate
Behind thee.
Ess. Pr'y thee spare thy pretious Heart,
That fluttering so with Passion in thy Breast,
Has almost bruis'd its tenderness to Death.
C. *Ess.* Why ask I him, and think of Pity there!
From him on whom kind Heav'n has set a Mark,
A heap of Rubbish at the Door to shew
No cleanly Virtue can inhabit there———
Malicious Toad, and which is worse, foul *Cecil,*
I tell thee *Essex* soon shall reign in Heav'n,
While thou shalt grovel in the Den of Hell,
Roar like the Damn'd, and tremble to behold him.
Go share Dominions with the Powers of Hell;
For *Lucifer* himself will ne'er dispute
Thy great Desert in wickedness above him,
Nor who's the uglier Fiend, thy self or he.
Raw. My Lord, you think not of the Queens Commands,
And can you stand thus unconcern'd, and hear
Your self so much abus'd?
Burl. Be patient *Rawleigh,*
The Pain is all her own, and hurts not *Cecil,*
She will be weary sooner than my self———
Poor innocent and most unhappy Lady,
I pity her.
C. *Ess.* Why dost thou pity me!
Nay then I'm faln into a low Estate
Indeed; if Hell compassionates my Miseries,
They must be greater than the damn'd indure———
I prithee pardon me——Ah my lov'd Lord,
My heart begins to break; let me go with thee,
And see the fatal Blow given to my *Essex,*

That will be ſure to rid me ſoon of Torments;
And 'twill be kindneſs in thee———do my Lord,
Then we ſhall both be quit of pain together.

Eſſ. Ah why was I condemn'd to this, What Man
But *Eſſex* ever felt a weight like this!

C. *Eſſ.* O we muſt never part——Support my Head,
My ſinking Head, and lay it to the Pulſe,
The throbbing Pulſe that beats about thy Heart,
'Tis Muſick to my Sences——O my Love!
I have no tears left in me that ſhou'd eaſe
A wretch that longs for Pity——I am paſt
All Pity, and my poor tormented Heart,
And Spirits within are quite conſum'd; and Tears
Which is the Balm, the Scorpions blood that cures
The biting pain of Sorrow, quite have left me,
And I am now a wretched hopeleſs Creature,
Full of ſubſtantial Miſery without
One drop of Remedy.

Eſſ. Th'art pale, thy Breath
Grows chill, and like the Morning Air on Roſes,
Leaves a cold Dew upon thy redder Lips——
She ſtrives, and holds me like a drowning wretch——
O now my Lords, if pity ever bleſt you,
If you were never nurſt by Tygers, help me———
Now now, you cruel Heav'ns I plainly ſee,
'Tis not your Swords, your Axes, nor Diſeaſes,
Which make the Death of Man ſo fear'd, and painful,
But 'tis ſuch horrid Accidents as theſe———
She opens her Eyes, which with a waining look,
Like ſickly Stars give a faint glimmering Light.

C. *Eſſ.* Where is my Love?
O think not to get looſe, for I'm reſolv'd
To ſtick more cloſe to thee than Life; and when
That's going, mine ſhall run the Race with thine,
And both together reach the happy Goal.

Eſſ. Now I am ſhock'd, torn up, and rooted all
That's Humane in me——What you mercileſs Heavens,
What is't that makes poor Man diſtracted, mad,
Prophane, to curſe the Day, himſelf, the Heav'ns
That made him, but leſs miſeries than mine?
Why, why you Powers do you exact from Man
More than your World, and all that live beſide!
The Sea is never calm when Tempeſts blow,
Tall Woods and Cedars murmur at the Wind,
And when your horrid Earth-quakes cleave the Ground,
The Center groans, and Nature takes its part,
As if they did deſign to break your Laws,

And shake your Fetters off; nay your own Heavens
When Thunders roar, Rebel, the Sun ingages,
And all the warring Elements resist;
Heav'n, Seas, and Land are suffer'd to contend,
But Man alone is curst if he complain———
Farewel my everlasting Love, 'tis vain,
'Tis all in vain against resistless Fate
That pulls me from thee. [*Gives her a Letter.*
Here, give this Paper to the Queen, which when
She reads, perhaps she will be kind to thee.

C. Ess. Wilt thou not let me go?
I am prepar'd to see the deadly stroke,
And at that time the fatal Axe falls on thee,
It will be sure to cut the twisted Cord
Of both our Lives asunder.

Ess. We must part———
Thou Miracle of Love, and Virtues all
Farewell, and may thy *Essex* sad Misfortunes
Be doubl'd all in Blessings on thy Soul——
Still, still thou grasps me like th' Fangs of Death——
Ha! now she faints, and like a Wretch
Striving to climb a steep, and slippery Breach,
With many hard Attempts gets up, and still
Slides down again, so she lets go at last
Her eager hold, and sinks beneath her weight——
Support her all———

Burl. My Lord she will recover;
Pray leave her with her Women, and make use
Of this so kind an Opportunity
To part with her.

Ess. Cruel hard-hearted *Burleigh!*
Most Barbarous *Cecil.*

Burl. See my Lord,
She soon will come t'her self, and you must leave her—
Haste away.

Lieut. Make way there.

Ess. Look to her faithful Servants, while she lives
She'll be a tender Mistress to you all——
Come, push me off then, since I must Swim o're,
Why do I stand thus shivering on the Shore!
'Tis but a Breath, and I no more shall think,
Mix with the Sun, or into Atoms shrink:
Lift up thy Eyes no more in search of mine,
Till I am dead, then glad the World with thine——
This kiss (O that it wou'd for ever last!)
Gives me of Immortality a Taste——
Farewel,

May all that's paſt when thou recover'ſt ſeem
Like a glad waking from a fearful Dream.

Exeunt Eſſex *to Execution*, Burleigh, Rawleigh, *Lieut. and Guards.*
[*Manent Counteſs of* Eſſex *with Women.*

Wom. See, ſhe revives.

C. *Eſſ.* Where is my *Eſſex*, where?

Wom. Alas I fear by this time he's no more.

C. *Eſſ.* Why did you wake me then from ſuch bright Objects?
I ſaw my *Eſſex* mount with Angels wings,
(Whileſt I rode on the beauteous Cherubin,)
And took me on 'em, bore me o'er the World
Through everlaſting Skies, Eternal Light.

Wom. Be Comforted.

C. *Eſſ.* Sure we're the only Pair
Can boaſt of ſuch a Pomp of Miſery,
And none was e'er ſubſtantially ſo curſt
Since the firſt Couple that knew Sorrow firſt;
Yet they were happy, and for Paradice
Found a new World unskill'd, unfraught with Vice,
No Tyrant to moleſt 'em, nor no Sword,
All that had Life Obedience did afford;
No Pride but Labour there, and healthful Pains,
Nor Thief to rob them of their honeſt Gains:
Ambition now the Plague of ev'ry Thought,
Then was not known, or elſe was unbegot.

Enter the Queen, Counteſs of Nottingham, *Lords and Attendants.*

Queen. Behold where the poor *Rutland* lyes, almoſt
As dead, and low as *Eſſex* in his Grave
Can be, and I want but a very little
To be more miſerable than 'em both——
Riſe, riſe unfortunate and mournful *Rutland*,
I know not what to call thee now, but wiſh
I could not call thee by the Name of *Eſſex*——
Riſe, and behold thy Queen I ſay,
That bends to take thee in her Arms.

C. *Eſſ.* O never think to charm me with ſuch ſounds,
Such hopes that are too diſtant from my Soul,
For 'tis but Preaching Heav'n to one that's Damn'd——
O take your pity back, moſt cruel Queen,
Give it to thoſe that want it for a Cure,
My griefs are Mortal, Remedies are vain,
And thrown away on ſuch a wretch as I——
Here is a Paper from my Lord to you
It was his laſt Requeſt that you would Read it.

Queen.

Queen. Giv't me——but oh how much more welcom had
The Ring been in its ſtead. [*Reads to her ſelf.*]
C. *Nott.* Ha! I'm betray'd. [*Aſide.*
Queen. Haſte, ſee if Execution yet be done,
If not prevent it——Fly with Angels Wings—— [*Officer goes out.*
Oh thou far worſe than Serpent——worſe than Woman!
Ah *Rutland!* here's the cruel Cauſe of both our Woes,
Mark this, and help to Curſe her for thy Husband.

The Queen reads the Letter.

Madam,

I *Receive my Death with the Willingneſs and Submiſſion of a Subject, and as it is the Will of Heaven and of Your Majeſty, with this Requeſt that you won'd be pleas'd to beſtow that Royal Pity on my Poor Wife which is deny'd to me, and my laſt flying Breath ſhall bleſs you. I have but one Thing to repent of ſince my Sentence, which is, that I ſent the Ring by* Nottingham, *fearing it ſhou'd once put my Queen in mind of her broken Vow.*

Eſſex.

Repentance, Horrors, Plagues, and deadly Poyſons,
Worſe than a thouſand Deaths torment thy Soul.
C. *Nott.* Madam———
Queen. Condemn me firſt to hear the Groans of Ghoſts,
The Croaks of Ravens, and the damn'd in Torments,
Juſt Heav'n, 'tis Muſick to what thou canſt utter;
Begone——Fly to that utmoſt verge of Earth,
Where the Globe's bounded with Eternity,
And never more be ſeen of Humane kind,
Curſt with long Life, and with a fear to dye,
With thy Guilt ever in thy Memory,
And *Eſſex* Ghoſt be ſtill before thy Eye.
C. *Nott.* I do confeſs———
Queen. Quick, bear her from my ſight, her words are blaſting,
Her Eyes are Baſilisks, Infection reigns
Where-e'er ſhe breathes; go ſhut her in a Cave,
Or chain her to ſome Rock whole Worlds from hence,
The diſtance is too near; There let her live
Howling to th' Seas to rid her of her pain,
For ſhe and I muſt never meet again———
Away with her.
C. *Nott.* I go—but have this comfort in my Doom;
I leave you all with greater Plagues at home. *Exit* Nott.

Enter Burleigh *and* Rawleigh.

Burl. Madam your Orders came too late———
The Earl was Dead——
Queen. Then I wiſh thou wer't dead that ſay'ſt it,

But

But I'll be juſt and curſe none but my ſelf———
What ſaid he when he came ſo ſoon to dye?

Burl. Indeed his End, made ſo by woful Caſualties,
Was very ſad and full of pity,
But at the Block all Hero he appear'd,
Or elſe, to give him a more Chriſtian Title,
A Martyr arm'd with Reſolution,
Said little, but did bleſs your Majeſty,
And dy'd full of forgiveneſs to the World,
As was no doubt his Soul that ſoon expir'd.

Queen. Come thou choice Relict of lamented *Eſſex*,
Call me no more by th' name of Queen, but Friend.
When thy dear Husbands Death Reveng'd ſhall be,
Pity my Fate, but lay no Guilt on me,
Since 'tis th' Almighty's Pleaſure, though ſevere,
To puniſh thus his Faithful Regents here,
To lay on Kings his hardeſt Task of Rule,
And yet has given 'em but a Humane Soul.
The ſubtle Paths of Traytors Hearts to view
Reaſons too dark, a hundred Eyes too few;
Yet when by Subjects we have been betray'd,
The blame is ours, their Crimes on us are laid,
And that which makes a Monarch's happineſs,
Is not in Reigning well, but with Succeſs.

Exeunt Omnes.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

By Mr. DRYDEN.

WE Act by Fits and Starts, like drowning Men,
But just peep up, and then Dop down again;
Let those who call us Wicked change their Sence,
For never men liv'd more on Providence,
Not Lott'ry Cavaliers are half so poor,
Nor Broken Cits, nor a Vacation Whore,
Not Courts nor Courtiers living on the Rents,
Of the three last ungiving Parliaments.
So wretched, that if Pharaoh *could Divine,*
He might have spar'd his Dream of Seven lean Kine,
And chang'd the Vision for the Muses Nine.
The Comet which they say portends a Dearth,
Was but a Vapour drawn from Play-house Earth,
Pent here since our last Fire, and Lilly *sayes,*
Foreshows our change of State and thin third dayes.
'Tis not our want of Wit that keeps us poor,
For then the Printers Press would suffer more:
Their Pampleteers their Venom daily spit,
They thrive by Treason, and we starve by Wit.
Confess the truth, which of you has not laid
Four Farthings out to buy the Hatfield *Maid?* *To the upper Gallery.*
Or what is duller yet, and more does spite us,
Democritus *his Wars with* Heraclitus?
These are the Authors that have run us down,
And Exercise you Critticks of the Town;
Yet these are Pearls to your Lampooning Rhimes,
Y' abuse your selves more dully than the Times;
Scandal, *the Glory of the* English *Nation,*
Is worn to Rags, and Scribled out of Fashion;
Such harmless Thrusts, as if like Fencers Wise,
You had agreed your Play before the Prize.
Faith you may hang your Harps upon the Willows,
'Tis just like Children when they box with Pillows.
Then put an end to Civil Wars for shame,
Let each Knight Errant who has wrong'd a Dame,
Throw down his Pen, and give her if he can,
The satisfaction of a Gentleman.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

Intended to be ſpoken, Written by the Author.

'TIS ſaid, when the Renown'd Auguſtus *Reign'd,*
That all the World in Peace and Wealth remain'd,
And though the School of Action, War was o're,
Arms, Arts, and Letters then increas'd the more.
All theſe ſprung from our Royal Virgin's Bays,
And flouriſh'd better than in Cæſar's *Days;*
And only in her time at once was ſeen
So brave a Souldier, States-man, and a Queen, Eſſex *and* Burleigh.
Her Reign may be compar'd to that above,
As the beſt Poet, Cæſar's *did to* Jove:
For as great Julius *built the mighty'ſt Throne,*
And left Rome's *firſt large Empire to his Son,*
Under whoſe weight, till Her, we all did groan;
So her great Father was the firſt that ſtruck
Rome's *Triple Crown; but ſhe threw off the Yoak:*
Straight at her Birth new Light the Heav'ns adorn'd,
Which more than Fifteen hundred Years had mourn'd.——
But hold, I'm bid to let you underſtand,
That when our Poet took this Work in Hand,
He trembl'd ſtraight like Prophets in a Dream,
Her awful Genius ſtood, and threaten'd him;
Her modeſt Beauties only he has ſhown,
And has her Character ſo nicely drawn,
That if her ſelf in pureſt Robes of Light,
Shou'd come from Hea'vn, and bleſs us with her ſight,
She would not bluſh to hear what he has Writ.
Therefore——
To all the ſhining Sex this Play's addreſt,
But more the Court, *the Planets of the Reſt;*
You who on Earth are Man's beſt, ſofteſt Fate,
So that when Heav'n with ſome ruff Peace has mit,
It ſends him you to mould, and new Create.
Strange wayes to Virtue, ſome may think to prove,
But yet the beſt, and ſureſt Path is Love;
Love like the Ermine, is ſo nice a Gueſt,
Is never enters in a vitious Breaſt——
If you are pleas'd, we will be bold to ſay,
This modeſt Poem is the Ladies Play.

FINIS.

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